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Week ending April 11 1959

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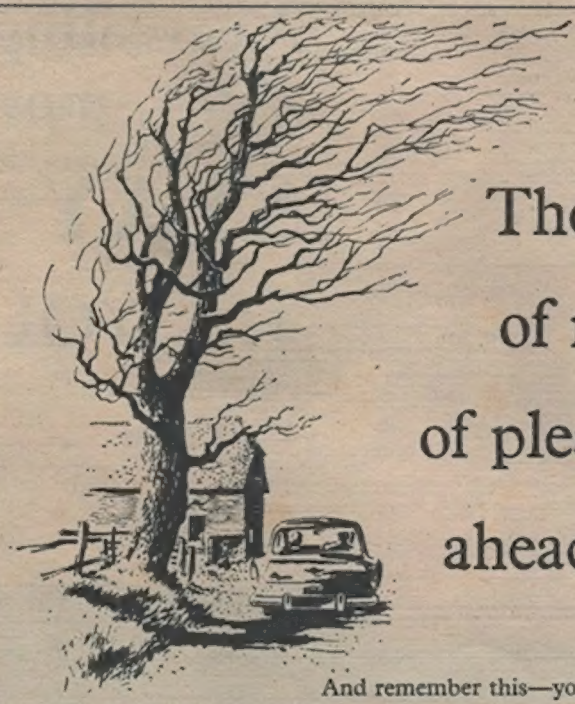

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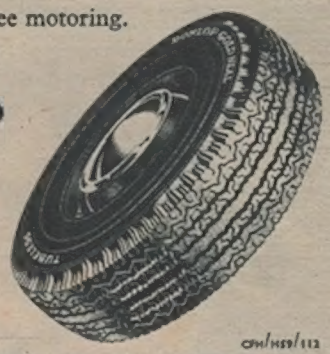

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Contents

ARTICLES

HAS *YOUR* BUDGET KEPT ITS BALANCE?
by Rex Grizell 9
GILBERT HARDING 12
MRS. LOOK-BACK-IN-ANGER
by Robert Holles 13
MY HAPPY FAMILY OF LOST CHILDREN
by Joyce Pearce 21

STORIES

MOSE MANNION'S ARMY
by Olaf Ruhen 6
SALLY AND THE BIRDMAN
by Robert Holmes 18

SERIALS

EARTHSHAKER (Part 2)
by Robert Krepps 10
CAN WE STAY YOUNG LONGER? (Part 1)
by W. E. Armstrong 16

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

by Roger Smithells
KEEPING UP APPEARANCES .. 25
OPEN SHUTTERS 27
WORTH NOTING 34

FEATURES

APRIL: 8. THUMBTHING: 12. THE HOARD: 15. GETTING TO KNOW YOURSELF: 15. IN SHORT: 20. POET IN THE GARDEN: 22. HOBBIES: 24, 28, 31, 32. DACHSIE: 24. JOKES: 28, 31, 32, 33. WE ADVISE: 34.

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The Cover

HEY, ho! No sooner is the spring sprung and the grass green than the mower sprouts that old familiar trouble. Two rusty groans, an agonized croak, then *cronk*. And that, as every housewife knows, means the lawn will be left for her to mow on Monday. Laurent's lady-in-waiting is too wise to be fooled. That puzzled frown, she's sure, could herald triumph. Before her jack of no trades lights his pipe and orders tea, she'll hand him those shears—or pack him swiftly inside to do the decorating

Free Speech

JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our feature, "We Advise."

Test For Toughs

THE cure for some of today's violent crime might be found in the ceremonies which ancient tribes used to mark the transition from boyhood to manhood.

They had initiation tests which now seem unnecessarily brutal, but gave to the youth who passed the mental security of knowing that in the eyes of his elders he had proved himself.

Nowadays we tend to think that merely by reaching the age of twenty-one manhood is established.

If we devised some constructive type of test based on civilized lines, we might rid ourselves of the young thug who tries to prove his manhood by fighting in gangs and attacking policemen.

The test could incorporate sporting prowess, initiative—plus a certain degree of mental ability.

It needn't be compulsory—our young toughs would soon be shamed into taking it.—A. LUCAS, Chester.

The Answer Question

As a Gallup Poll interviewer I was particularly interested in Gilbert Harding's article on the "Don't Knows" (JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED, March 7). I can assure Mr. Harding that the maximum amount of time is allowed to persons answering questions on controversial subjects. In my experience the proportion of Don't Knows is very small.

I took part in the Wolfenden Report survey and those who couldn't answer the first question, "Have you read the Wolfenden Report?" were not asked to answer the questionnaire. Only two out of twenty people I interviewed had not read it.

No wonder the interviewer came away from Cyril Joad's house with a blank sheet—Joad had a reputation for splitting hairs.

I wish Mr. Harding lived in my district: I would dearly love to satisfy his curiosity by paying him a call. — LESLIE COOPER, Crewe, Cheshire.

Passport Barrier

I recently obtained a passport application form, but find that unless I know the right people I am almost disqualified from one of the basic freedoms. One must be sponsored by a person of "standing." I know no M.P.s, do not go to church, and, being law-abiding, am unknown to police, lawyers or J.P.s. I have seen my doctor only three times in ten years.

This regulation is completely out of date today.—PHILIP BAKER, Dover, Kent.

"The person who recommends you must be a British subject and have known you personally for at least two years," says the Passport Office. "A bank official, established civil servant—in some circumstances an employer—will be accepted."

Shocking Dreams?

The doctor was taking my pulse when he asked me if my electric blanket was switched on.

When I showed surprise that he knew I was using one, he said that he always knew, because as soon as he touched a patient lying on an electric blanket he felt a tingling sensation in his fingers. He thought it was static electricity.

Could this do any harm, or are only certain people sensitive to it? Incidentally, since using an electric

blanket all the aches and pains in my back seem to have disappeared. —MRS. V. LATHAM, Queen's Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.19.

"The tingling is caused by current flowing from the blanket through the person on the bed and the doctor to the floor," says an electrical engineer.

"In itself it is not dangerous—but on safety grounds we always advise against lying in bed with the electric blanket switched on.

"If the blanket gets crumpled during the night the element may be damaged and a fire could be started.

"Use the blanket to heat the bed before you retire—but switch it off as soon as you get into bed."

Safety Valves

My children have a tendency to swear. When my six-year-old daughter gets her sums wrong she lets rip with "oh dangin," while my three-year-old son uses "oh bungin."

It seems rather odd that children have to create their own swear words, and I wonder if swearing is a human necessity for relieving the feelings.—MRS. A. BEARCROFT, Ruddington Lane, Nottingham.

"Children, as well as adults, feel the need to express themselves in short, aggressive words," says a psychiatrist.

"This is very necessary for relieving mental strain. The correct reaction for parents is just to ignore the words."

Let Them Work

Brian Carney writes a very terrible and astringent article on Teddy Boys (JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED, March 14), but it is right that we should look back and consider the conditions under which these young men were reared.

Furthermore, in this our day we are sending young Englishmen to Africa with the avowed purpose of crushing by violent means the rising determination of the black populations to demand national freedom.

May we not think of what could be done for the betterment of our own people in the way of housing, practical education, transport and recreational facilities if a half or even a quarter of our war expenditure could be transferred?

Is it not possible to provide materials and facilities for young men in their spare time to develop recreation grounds, club buildings, etc.?

An old schoolmaster, I can speak with authority on the following examples of work done by boys and myself: building a combined gym and meeting room, a river cruiser—and five bungalow flats.

I am disgusted at the tremendous sums of money spent on new schools—work which should be planned and executed by the boys and girls themselves with the help, of course, of technical staff.

A great national mistake was made when the school leaving age was raised to fifteen before teaching staff and buildings were sufficient to cope with the situation.

Let us all do what we can to tackle this problem which is, as Brian Carney would say, a national one. — HENRY WHITTAKER, Whetstone, Birmingham, 15.

Gulls Gone Mad

Perhaps a bird-lover can explain an incident which happened here recently. The air was filled with the screaming of seagulls, an unusual noise for the industrial Midlands.

There were more than a hundred

gulls circling round at about one thousand feet with their wings fully extended. Above them circled a number of darker birds.

What was the reason for this behaviour?—H. HAWKINS, Buttery Road, Smethwick, Staffs.

"There are several possible reasons for flocks of birds wheeling in the air like this," says an official of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

"They could be enjoying thermals—areas of rising hot air—or else they have been disturbed feeding.

"The presence of other birds seems to indicate the latter reason."

Cheese Squeeze

I understand that it takes seventeen pints of milk to make one pound of butter, which is reasonably priced these days. Can anyone tell me why cheese has risen in price to 3s. 4d. a pound, being therefore appreciably dearer than butter? —N. DIXON, Mays Lane, Barnet, Herts.

"There has been a shortage of milk for cheese-making," says the English Country Cheese Council. "However, as supplies increase in the spring, there will be more cheese available and prices will fall."

Nearer But Dearer

I decided to get a job near home. Think of the advantages—no bus fares, almost an hour longer in bed in the morning, lunch at home.

Oh, yes, I have gained generally, but at a mental, physical and spiritual loss.

I no longer make new friends on my journey to work, I miss the lunch hour chinwag at my favourite café, I miss reading on the bus and saying good morning to the familiar faces in the queue. Little things, no

Free Speech

continued from page 3

doubt—but little things can mean a lot.—A. GRIFFIN, Mattison Road, Harringay, London, N.4.

Who's For Hockey?

I teach in a mixed school where the girls play hockey. The more I watch this game the more do I think it is the ugliest game I know. How the crouching, hunched-up position maintained during play can be other than harmful to posture I do not know. What's wrong with lacrosse?—T. H. WORTH, Anstey, Leicester.

Any Complaints?

After buying a costume in a shop in a nearby town I found one sleeve about three inches longer than the other. The assistant informed me that one of my arms must be three inches shorter than the other.

Shortly afterwards I bought a china teapot from another store, and after using it only two or three times it cracked in several places.

I returned this and was told by the shop-walker that I must have been using water which was too hot.

Is it just as well to laugh these things

off—or does it pay to argue when you know you're in the right?—MRS. M. PRESTON, Saltash, Cornwall.

Railwayman's Lot

The railwayman must have perfect health as well as perfect eyesight (and the brain of a Philadelphia lawyer to digest the contents of his rule-book) because he gets no pay when he is ill.

He gets very little pension either. This is a state of affairs which few people seem to realize.—MRS. JANET MILLER, Wick, Caithness.

"It's true the railwayman doesn't get his pay when he's ill," says the National Union of Railwaymen, "but recently a sickness benefit scheme was introduced. Under this, a man with more than fifteen years' service gets £2 a week for thirteen weeks, and nothing after that, while the man with less service gets 30s.

"Inadequate as this obviously is, it still represents a considerable improvement on the situation before the scheme, when no sick pay was made at all.

"Our recently won pension scheme will cover an increasing number of railwaymen as time goes on."

Gas For Manners

The good manners complained of by a reader ("Free Speech," March 14) are an asset, and naturally increase an employer's turnover.

For instance, a relative of ours underwent an operation and while recovering from the anaesthetic kept saying: "Thank you, thank you very much, a penny change, thank you, good morning."

The patient in the next bed said it was quite obvious that our relative kept a shop of some kind.—MRS. FLORENCE CHADWICK, Holly Road, Uttoxeter, Staffs.

Destination Glamour

In Italy attractive rail hostesses are being introduced on the main luxury expresses. What an opportunity there is here for British Railways!

Attractively uniformed hostesses should be placed on all the main-line expresses to check on the comfort of passengers and to answer queries.—PHILIP ROGERS, Sefton Street, Southport, Lancs.

"We have three young ladies known as Rail Travel Advisers," says British Railways Western Region. "Though they don't actually travel on trains, they are available at Paddington, Birmingham and Cardiff stations to help passengers with all queries. They wear a distinctive chocolate uniform with B.R. badges."

Atom Busters

The statement made by the Atomic Energy Commission that thick concrete and steel gave complete protection to atomic reactors ("Free Speech," March 14) seems to me to be very misleading.

During the war Bomber Command raided U-boat pens and V1 sites, and although in some cases the concrete was twenty feet thick, they were completely destroyed.

Surely after fifteen years, with more modern aircraft and heavier bomb loads, these reactors could easily be wrecked by high explosives.—D. J. CULLEN-LAWLOR, Nightingale Lane, Wanstead, E.11.

No Silver Lining

Once I received in my pay packet a pound note which had no silver line in it. I've heard of this happening before and wonder if the note is very rare.—J. K. NEAL, Grimsby, Lincs.

"We started making notes with a metal thread in 1940," says the Bank of England. "It's a protective device against forgery. There must be a number of notes without threads still in circulation."

Colour Mix-up

Practising with the spotlights for a play I discovered that by switching on red and green together I created a yellow light.

Yet yellow is a primary colour and you can't make it by mixing red and green paints together. What is the difference?—A. S. FOSTER, Derby.

"This is a very complicated problem," says a scientist. "Roughly, however, you are talking about two different kinds of colour.

"The lights are additive—that means the eye saw both colours simultaneously and, as they are on either side of yellow in the spectrum, a yellow effect was created.

"With paints colour is subtractive. A coat of red cancels out all other colours and so does a coat of green. Therefore, when mixed, they create black, which is the absence of colour."

The Breakage Rate

Switzerland may be a shining example of enlightenment as far as keeping women in the kitchen is concerned—but isn't it true that her divorce rate is among the highest in Europe?

Perhaps that shows that Mrs. Swiss is a little tired of cooking.—MRS. MARGARET H. MALLOCH, Woodburn Terrace, Edinburgh, 10.

A United Nations survey shows that from 1935 until 1953 the highest divorce rate in Europe was that of Denmark, with 6.8 couples being divorced in every thousand.

The lowest was Portugal with 0.7, then Scotland and Luxembourg with 2.0.

Switzerland had 4.2. Figures for England and Wales were 2.8.

Tinier Than Ever

Your claim about the smallest baby in Britain (JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED, March 21) is not exactly accurate.

My son, born in 1957, weighed only 1 lb. 6 oz. at birth.—NORMAN SCHOFIELD, Mossy Lea Road, Wrightington, Lancs.

Barbara Karen Thomas, the baby whose story we told, was the smallest baby in Britain when she was born in May, 1958.

She weighed only 1 lb. 8 oz. at birth. "There are at least two babies on record as having weighed only 10 oz. at birth," says the British Medical Association. "These seem to be the smallest ever to have survived in Britain."

Clothes-line Odour

What is the explanation for the distinctive smell of clothes dried in the open air? It is something more than just the absence of odour.

Recently a newly washed garment taken into the bedroom produced a pleasant smell that was still noticeable the next morning.

This never seems to happen with clothes dried indoors.—MRS. J. UPHILL, Herman Hill, Wanstead, London, E.11.

A home expert says: "Everyone who dries clothes inside and outside knows the difference which Mrs. Uphill remarks upon. We don't really know why this is so, except that if there are flowers in the garden they will impart a strong scent to the clothes."

Deep Harmony

Many times when travelling during the morning rush on the Glasgow underground I have heard the drivers singing. Sometimes it's a melodious Irish folk

song, sometimes a West Indian chant.

Recently, to my surprise, the man next to me joined in when the driver started singing.

I wonder if being deep underground gives people a sense of comfort and of being cut off from the tension of the outside world.

It wouldn't surprise me at all if one morning a Gaelic choir piped up from the next coach.—C. H. MACKAY, Govan, Glasgow, S.W.1.

Faith In Potatoes

Tucking in the patients one night, I came to an old lady who took four large, unwashed potatoes out of her handbag and asked me to put one at each foot.

She held one in either hand. Seeing my astonishment, she told me that they kept rheumatism away. And so she slept, clutching her potatoes all night.

The odd thing was that, although over eighty, she never suffered from twinges at all. Nor did any member of her family.—STATE REGISTERED NURSE, St. Jude's, Devon.

"This is an old wives' tale comparable to the use of a rabbit's foot or a length of copper wire worn round the waist," says a doctor.

"They have no effect whatsoever—except that the faith people have in them gives them a psychological advantage in avoiding the trouble they are invoked against."

Free Living

Our rating system is altogether ancient and lamentably faulty. It would be much better if every adult wage-earner were rated.

Under the present system the bulk of the wage-earning population enjoys modern amenities in the shape of water supplies, drainage, clean and well-lit streets—and pays nothing.

I live alone and pay as much in rates as does someone in whose house live several wage-earners.—THOMAS UNSWORTH, Ashton-in-Makerfield, near Wigan, Lancs.

Sliding Costs

Can any architect tell me why doors on hinges were not abolished years ago? The reasons—vicious draughts, blows to the head, precious space taken up in rooms and passages—are glaringly obvious.

Are there any structural difficulties in the installation of sliding doors? They are tidy, draughtproof—and safe.—A. MURPHY, Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

"There are structural complications against sliding doors," says the Building Centre, "but the main objection most people have is the extra cost.

"Furthermore, a well-fitted swing door is just as draughtproof as a sliding door—and being heavier it is much more soundproof."

Personal Call on . . .

LORD ALTRINCHAM

He attacked the Queen and stung the nation to fury. He's a fiery critic who hits out hard, then calmly faces the storm

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Maybe people didn't like him much . . . but he was a man that any dog would trust on sight

Mose Mannion's Army

by OLAF RUHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY DEREK CHITTOCK

MOSE MANNION had no opposition at all when he applied for the job of looking after the Paxton Memorial Park at Five Fingers. If anyone else had wanted to be park-keeper, Mose wouldn't have had a dog's chance.

As it was, Harry Paxton, the Mayor, made the appointment with a good deal of misgiving; nobody knew anything bad about Mose, but everyone seemed to feel that that was just because they hadn't heard everything about him.

"At least he won't be wasting the council's time, talking to this one and that," Harry said. "He's not what you'd call a real fast worker, but he gets a job done. Anyway, nobody interrupts him."

People passed the time of day with Mose, but they never stopped to talk. Some tried it, but Mose had nothing much to say.

People in Five Fingers might have liked that if Mose had been a local man, but he wasn't. He'd just drifted in one day, not saying much to anybody. He didn't know anyone, and he didn't even try to get to know anyone.

He wasn't the type of man they had in mind for the Paxton Memorial Park; but he was the only applicant, and so he got the job. The Paxton Memorial Park was in the long dry valley behind the town council chambers; the most easterly of the five valleys that ran together in the big bend below the town. Five Fingers had tipped its rubbish there for ninety years; and the smoke from the burning tip used to annoy people who lived that end.

Then, when they shifted the main road through a cutting and tipped the spoil into the valley, the council saw a good chance to make a garden and playground there. They named it after Harry Paxton's father, and called for applications for a park-keeper. They got Mose.

"He'll do till we get someone suitable," Harry Paxton said.

PEOPLE thought he fitted the job well enough. They still thought of Paxton Park as the rubbish dump; it was still wreathed with smoke from open fires as it had always been, though it was no longer garbage that burned, but council rubbish; leaves and tree-trimmings and all the old timber they dumped when they pulled down the battery and stamping mill that had been put up to treat the ore back in the days when Five Fingers was just about the greatest little mining town in all Australia.

The fires were at the lower end of the park, near where the council lorries were dumping earth in heaps. Every second week the council bulldozer came and levelled it all off; and at the top end of the park there was a big lawn already laid, and trees round the area where the playing fields would be.

After Mose Mannion got the job, the park's distinguishing feature seemed to be his long lean lath of a figure drifting slowly from one point to another; keeping the sprinklers going, setting guard-rails round the new trees, directing the lorry-drivers where to dump their loads, and sometimes just looking to see if the grass were growing, or the trees thriving, or the caterpillars beginning to move.

You could swear, sometimes, that he was the laziest man ever to work for the Five Fingers Council; he moved like a wisp of smoke from the Paxton Park fires in the hot, unmoving summer air. He never seemed to do anything, yet there never seemed too much left undone.

Above all, it was the dogs that made him look lazy. There were six of them, six regulars. They came to work every morning at the same time as Mose, or a little before; and they left him and went to their homes when the knock-off whistle from the sawmill blew mournfully in the afternoon.

They never turned up on Saturdays or Sundays; they seemed to know what day of the week it was, or perhaps they stayed away from work whenever the school-kids did. But all the rest of the week they were as regular as sun-up. "Mose Mannion's army" they were called, and the name fitted; there was something integrated about the little group, the six dogs and the lean tall man, that drifted back and forth over the new flat area of Paxton Park.

WHEN it rained the dogs didn't go home, though they all had homes to go to. They sat huddled in the shelter where Mose sat, waiting for the clouds to break, waiting for the rain to stop, waiting for the sawmill whistle to boom mournfully from the crests of the ridges.

There was a fox-terrier, and a near-fox-terrier, and a Dalmatian spotted like a dappled horse from a round-about, and a Scotch terrier and a dachshund and a long black spidery mystery that loped round and round Mose in wide circles with his nose to the ground, like a red setter casting about but never finding a scent.

The first recruit to the army was Timmy. Timmy was the near-fox-terrier, and his mission in life was to carry stones. It was a mania with him; and probably he first attached himself to Mose because Mose was the only one who consistently bothered to respond when Timmy wanted stones thrown. Every now and then Mose would casually flip a stone into the long grass somewhere, and Timmy would race after it and retrieve it.

Mose always had time to throw a stone for Timmy. Other people had thrown Timmy stones for a few minutes, some of the boys as long as a quarter-hour; but Mose threw stones just about all the time, and Timmy worshipped him. He was a sad little dog, scarred with the marks of a thousand misadventures.

"He's accident-prone," said old Alf Perkins, who owned him. "That's what he is, accident-prone. He concentrates on them stones and takes heed of nothing else."

He was the Perkins's dog, and they fed him, and looked after him as well as they knew how. They were really very kind to him, but they wouldn't throw him stones, and he was always first at the park in the mornings. He would be up there at ten minutes past seven every day, sitting ten yards past the boundary with a stone between his paws, facing towards the road where Mose would later on appear.

At about twenty minutes past seven the other dogs began to collect. They made a token gesture of recognition towards Timmy and gathered in a group behind him. They didn't care for him much. They only put up with him because he was Mose's friend.

The dachshund and the Scottie came from over the ridges on opposite sides of the park. They came trotting in very sedately.

The real fox-terrier came prancing every morning, leaping the stone fence of Miss Robbins's cottage with an easy grace, fit and shining on his intake of goat's milk. He usually arrived soon after the dachshund and the Scottie; he never acknowledged poor Timmy, and he was more disdainful than the others when Timmy laid a stone in front of him and dared him to take it away. Perhaps they were too much alike.

The long black mystery approached circuitously, casting round and round in wide spirals as he came. He didn't really recognize the group; he didn't settle down but ranged back and forth a short distance away. All he recognized was Mose.

THE Dalmatian was like none of these. He had no inhibitions. He ran up, bluff and hearty. "Hallo, boys," he seemed to say. "Here we are, on time again." He didn't care if no one answered him.

Ten minutes after they were all assembled, Timmy would hear Mose Mannion's footsteps on the road, over the crest of the hill, and, full of excitement, would dart forward and greet Mose, putting a stone down at his feet.

Mose always bent down and threw it; and gave the rest of the dogs a general greeting that satisfied them just as well. After that they all moved back and forth across the park like a unit, all seven of them inspecting the trees and the grass and the sprinklers, and coming to open the gate for the council bulldozer.

Harry Paxton made a lot of bitter remarks. The Paxton house looked down on Paxton Park, and whenever Harry was home he could see the six dogs revolving round the long, lank, droopy figure of Mose Mannion. He'd talk about the time "when the trees get some growth on them and we can get that flea-circus out of it"; or he'd say, "If we can do something about the dogs we can start digging flower-beds right away"; and he must have asked a dozen likely looking lads whether they would care to work for the council; but he got no takers.

And what made him more annoyed than ever was the fact that on most days the Paxton dog joined the others in the park.

The Paxton dog was a Boxer, a muscled, mannered and aristocratic athlete. He belonged to Jimmy Paxton, who was twelve years old. Every morning he followed Jimmy down to the school gate. He wasn't allowed to enter, but he'd sit there looking through the railings until the bell

The dogs always knew when to turn up and when to stay away—and when to be content just to sit with Mose

Derek Chittock

Mose Mannion's army

continued from page 6

called the kids into school; then, instead of going home as he was supposed to do, he'd run all the way to Paxton Park and join Mose Mannion's army. And there, of all the companions he could have chosen—the dachshund, the Scottie, the dalmatian—he attached himself with a kind of brotherly fidelity to Timmy.

Timmy worshipped him. The boxer acted as though the stones Timmy was forever carrying were worthy of some interest; sometimes he pretended to sneak them away from Timmy, or to chase him for them, and Timmy was delighted. The boxer was a comfort to Timmy almost as substantial as the presence of Mose Mannion.

HARRY PAXTON and some of the other leaders of Five Fingers society expressed a great distaste for Mose's dogs whenever they saw him creeping across the park surrounded by them. And Harry had a particular gripe because he could never get Conrad the boxer to come home. Jimmy Paxton could—the boxer left the park when school was ready to come out and waited for Jimmy at the gates. But while Jimmy was in school, Conrad wouldn't be seen dead in his own home place. He stayed with Mose Mannion, and sometimes it made Harry sore as a boil.

"Once the flower beds go in, he'll have to leave," Harry said. "You can't have a park full of dogs and flowers, too."

And he stuck to that. The day Mose started digging the flower-beds. Harry went down and gave him notice, even though there was still no one else to take over.

You'd have thought the dogs knew what had happened. First of all the boxer didn't turn up. He hadn't gone down to the school with the Paxton boy; he hadn't waited at the railings. Then Timmy disappeared. He'd never left his post before. He hadn't scamped an hour of working time since Mose had taken the job.

And the other dogs seemed all upset, and barked at the wrong times, and ran hither and thither. The mystery's long sweeping circles got bigger and bigger; they took him up on the rough ground near the top of the ridge, and from time to time he'd disappear. After a while, Mose got a little uneasy himself.

It was Timmy caused it, appearing out of nowhere with a stone between his teeth, and running up to Mose the same as usual. He laid the stone down for Mose to pick up and throw, the same as always but, as soon as Mose stooped over, Timmy snatched it away again, and backed off with it.

AT first Mose took no notice; he went on with his work; but Timmy had been snubbed all his life long; he took no offence, and instead came on Mose again with the same tactics. He'd never let him throw the stone.

And after a while Mose saw that Timmy was trying to tell him something. He started off to follow Timmy when the little dog snatched away the stone; and Timmy gave one swift yelp of delight and trotted off, with all the other dogs at his heels.

Mose drifted along behind them but, when he came to the park boundaries, he turned back.

"Stupid little dog," said Mose. "It's working hours."

But that made little difference to Timmy. It wasn't often that he asked Mose to do anything beyond throw a stone; and he wasn't going to be talked out of this so easy. He went all through his tricks again; and behind him, on the side of the ridge, the other dogs sat still and watched.

"There's a lorry due," Mose said. "I must wait for it."

But Timmy wouldn't listen. And in the end Mose gave in and followed Timmy over the hill.

Harry Paxton stopped his car alongside Alf Perkins on the hill road above the park, and they watched Mose climb the fence and disappear.

"Just as well I gave him marching orders," Harry said. "For there's a thing I wouldn't put up with—a man walking off the job whenever he feels like it." He was pleased about it. It justified him.

But old Alf shook his head. "Them dogs been acting funny," he said. "They act like something's happened, somewhere. They're taking him to show."

Harry snorted. "Going rabbiting, probably," he said. He started the car and went back to his office.

He hadn't been there very long when the sergeant of police rang up for him. He listened white-faced and shaken to what the policeman told him over the phone, and then ran for his car again.

Harry was a careful driver, but he made it over to the gravel flats that day in something under four minutes, and there wasn't any road for the last three-quarters of a mile.

When he got there, they were all ahead of him—the police, the ambulance and the fire brigade. . . . There wasn't a fire, but in Five Fingers the fire brigade handles all the rescue jobs.

They had a heavy beam rolled over the mouth of one of the old open shafts the miners had left behind them when all the gold had been taken out of the old Five Fingers field. Pat Donners, from the ambulance, Tom Corkhill, that drove the fire engine, the Waters boy and Long Bill Gill were hauling slowly on a rope that came over the beam.

In behind them, trying to creep up and look over the side of the shaft, were all the dogs of Mose Mannion's army. Closest of all was Timmy, with his nose jutting out between Tom Corkhill and Long Bill Gill, and himself nearly unbalanced over the edge.

"Mose Mannion's down there in the shaft with the boy," the sergeant said. "It was Mose who found him."

The doctor's car came up then and, as he was getting out, the canvas stretcher was just clearing the lip of the shaft. The four men hauling on the rope caught it by the ends and lifted it clear. They laid it out on the ground, and the doctor came up to them. On the stretcher was young Jimmy Paxton, and he looked white and cold.

ONLY the dogs kept looking down the shaft then; everyone else was too interested in the doctor. The dogs took the opportunity to come right to the edge of the hole. Mose Mannion was inside, near the top. In fact he was climbing out before anyone else noticed him.

"You took a risk," Tom Corkhill said then. "Why didn't you wait till we sent the rope down again?"

"Who do you think kept the stretcher off the side of the shaft?" Mose asked.

"But it's too slippery to climb," Tom said. "Isn't it slippery?"

"Yes," said Mose.

Tom Corkhill looked down the shaft, at the wet timbering, black and broken, greasy with rot and fungus.

"Bad enough going down on a rope," Tom said. "Weren't you taking a damn big risk?"

"Yes," said Mose.

The doctor was getting up. "It's not as bad as it could be," he said. "Let's get him to hospital."

"Thank God for that," said Harry Paxton. "My heavens, that shaft's about thirty feet deep, isn't it?"

"Thirty-five, by the rope," Pat Donners told him.

They got in the cars then, and went off to the hospital. Harry paced up and down in the waiting-room; and after a while, not as long as he had feared, a pretty little nurse opened the door and smiled at him, and said, "Doctor says you can come in now, Mr. Paxton." So he knew it wasn't so bad, just as Doc had said.

Jimmy was looking at him when he went in; and he had never realized how small a small boy can look in a regulation hospital bed.

Doc said, "He's going to be here a little while."

"Is Conrad all right?" Jimmy asked.

That threw Harry into a small panic that he managed to hide. He said: "Why, er. . . ."

"Is he all right?"

"Of course. Of course, he's all right."

"You got him up the shaft?"

"Not too much talk," said Doc.

"Why of course." Harry said. Young Jimmy's eyes were very demanding. "The dog's all right."

"He was after a rabbit, Dad. That's how he fell," the boy said. He closed his eyes and opened them again straight away. "We weren't missing school. We were early."

He closed his eyes again. Then in a moment he began to mumble, and the doctor called Harry away. "Some fractures, and a bad shock," he said. "But he's been very lucky. And you know, I don't think he'll even mind, so long as his dog's all right. He hasn't worried about his own injuries."

"The dog," said Harry. "What else could I tell him? I never knew the dog was down there."

"Sh-h," the doctor warned. "Better find out about it. That's how he fell in, saving the dog."

"And who found them?"

"Mose Mannion's army," Doc said. "They were all there."

"Except Conrad," Harry realized. "Oh, Lord."

He started running for his car again.

When he got back to the shaft, there wasn't anyone there except the dogs, and they were sitting just the way he had left them forty minutes before.

As the car pulled up, a head appeared above the level of the shaft, and the long lean body of Mose followed it. Next thing, Mose was standing astride the beam, and hauling on the rope; and in a minute up came the boxer, wrapped in Mose's coat as though he were in a stretcher.

"The boy is going to be all right," Harry Paxton said.

Mose said: "Yes."

YOU'D have thought he wasn't at all concerned. Still, Harry took no notice. "How's the dog?" he asked.

Mose put his head on one side like the dachshund. "Left shoulder out, right leg busted, perhaps a couple of ribs," he said. "He's a mess."

"He'll have to be destroyed," Harry decided. And immediately thought of that little head in the big hospital bed.

"No," said Mose. He was cradling the boxer in his arms now as though it were a baby, an enormous baby.

"There's not a vet in Five Fingers," Harry mourned.

"I can fix him," Mose said. "Only I'm leaving next week."

The whole situation seemed to hit Harry all at once.

"Why, you saved Jimmy's life," he said. "What must you think of me? Of course you'll stay. You'll have a job here as long as you want it—and there must be other things I can do." He stopped and peered anxiously at Mose, who hadn't said anything. "You will stay, won't you?" Harry asked anxiously. "And nurse the dog?"

"Yes," said Mose.

"Well, and tell me what else I can do," Harry said. "You've done a wonderful thing for me today."

The little dog called Timmy was in amongst their feet as they walked slowly towards the car. He was darting in and out; bringing a stone and looking beseechingly at Mose.

"Anything you say," suggested Harry. "You tell me. I'll do it."

"All right," said Mose. "You can throw that stone for Timmy. I've got my hands full."

Harry stopped and stared at him.

"Well, throw it," Mose said. "He needs a bit of notice taken."

Harry bent down and threw it.

"It's funny he doesn't mind them on his teeth," said Harry.

"Yes, well, we're all a bit funny," Mose said. "All of us." THE END

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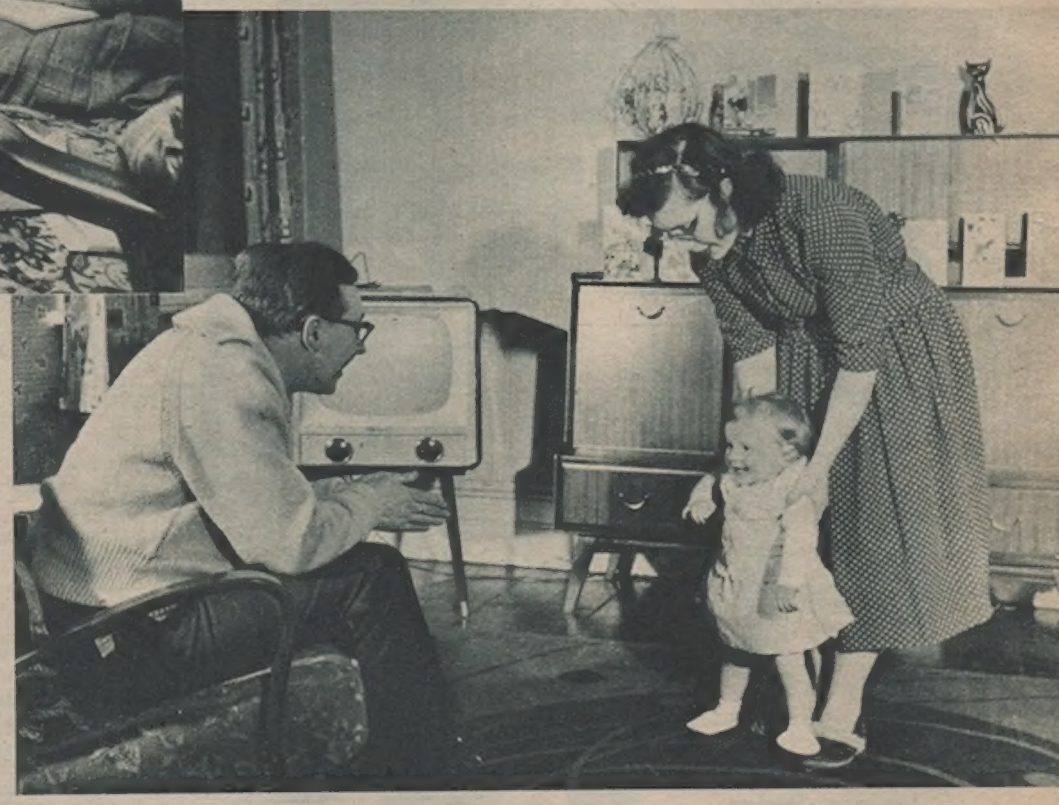
Almost before she's here, she's gone—
Young April, shaking
A rain of jewelled blossoms on the grass,
Her light steps making
No footprints as they pass.
But had we power to freeze
To sculptured loveliness the spangled trees,
Should we not find
Magic had taken wings and left behind
A stale, accustomed thing?
Better quick come, quick go,
Dawn chorus, opening bud and emerald branches—so
Magic is born anew with every spring.

ON £1,000 A YEAR . . .

. . . John Hayward budgets for every item of spending. For twelve years he and his wife have kept detailed household accounts. Of the three families in this survey, they are hardest hit by the rising cost of living

ON £700 A YEAR . . .

. . . Gordon Campbell and his wife Stella are saving for a house of their own. Many of the things they now buy cost twice as much as in 1948. The government's price index does not really show the rise in their living costs



Has YOUR budget kept its balance?

Up go prices: housewives struggle to pay. Here—in a week when money makes news—is how families spent their income ten years ago and how they fare today

by REX GRIZELL

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

How much has your cost of living really gone up in the past ten years? The government's Index of Retail Prices—the "cost of living index"—says by about seventy per cent. But this is an average figure, based on the spending habits of more than 11,000 households where the head of the family earned less than £20 a week in 1953.

The rise in *your* living costs depends on your own pattern of spending, on the relative importance your family gives to food, clothing, housing, entertainment and so on.

Gordon Campbell, aged twenty-eight, lives with his wife Stella, twenty-five, and their one-year-old daughter Sharon in a top-floor unfurnished flat in an old house in New Cross, South London.

They have a living-room, a bedroom, a kitchen and a bathroom.

Campbell is an inspector in a firm manufacturing electrical equipment. He has worked for them since he was fourteen and his basic income now is £11 10s. a week. Most weeks he works some overtime, and his annual income works out at about £700.

This is how he spends his money. The flat is unfurnished and, though they had money saved to buy essential furniture when they married, the Campbells have had to buy several things on hire purchase. At present they have a television set, a bookcase and a wringer on hire purchase. The cost is 15s. per week.

They are anxious to have a house of their own, and Campbell has a life insurance policy which he will later borrow against to help him in this. This costs him 12s. 8d. per week.

Overtime pays bill

Campbell estimates that he spends an average of 10s. a week on clothes. He pays about £3 for shoes, £2 for shirts and not more than about £14 for a suit.

Mrs. Campbell thinks that she spends no more than about £15 a year on clothes; she tends to get them as presents from friends. She says that she would not pay more than £2 10s. for a pair of shoes. She does a lot of knitting for her husband and the baby, and her mother also helps her with making clothes. Their weekly expenditure on clothes therefore works out at about 17s. 6d. Instead of budgeting for it, Campbell works overtime to pay for each item as it is required.

He travels to and from work on his two-stroke motor-cycle, at a cost for petrol and insurance of about 7s. a week. If he went by bus his fares would be 3s. 2d. a day.

The Campbells are taking a week's holiday at a holiday camp in North Devon. They will travel in a friend's car and share the cost of petrol. The total cost will be about £25.

Campbell belongs to a loan club and pays 5s. a week. This he uses to cover expenses at Christmas.

They spend nothing on entertainment. He spends 5s. a week on football pools.

Campbell smokes cigarettes, which he rolls himself, and they cost him about 11s. a week.

His wife does not smoke, and neither of them drink "except on high days and holidays."

Campbell has two hobbies: tropical fish and gardening. He has eight tanks containing some hundreds of tropical fish. The tanks have electric lighting and heating, which accounts for by far the largest part of the electricity bill. Because of this Campbell makes the electricity bill his concern and he puts away 10s. weekly, winter and summer, to cover this bill.

Stella Campbell receives £7 5s. a week for her housekeeping. Out of this she pays rent 25s. 6½d., gas (for cooking) 4s. 6d., oil (for heating) 10s., newspapers, etc. 3s. 5d., insurances—they have four endowment policies, one for the child, one for her husband and two for herself, and two death policies—which account for 11s. 6d. a week, and all the food and sweets, cleaning materials and toilet things, and 2s. 6d. which she puts on her own football pool permutation.

In the typical weekly budget which Mrs. Campbell gave me, food came to £3 13s. 9d., and rent, insurance, oil, papers, cleaning materials and pools to £2 19s. 10½d.

This left her a surplus of 11s. 4½d. to put towards goods purchased fortnightly, which included breakfast cereals, Bournvita, flour, custard powder, rice.

Of all the things on Mrs. Campbell's shopping list for the week, only one is nearly the same price today as it was ten years ago—eggs, which cost 3s. 6d. to 4s. a dozen in 1948.

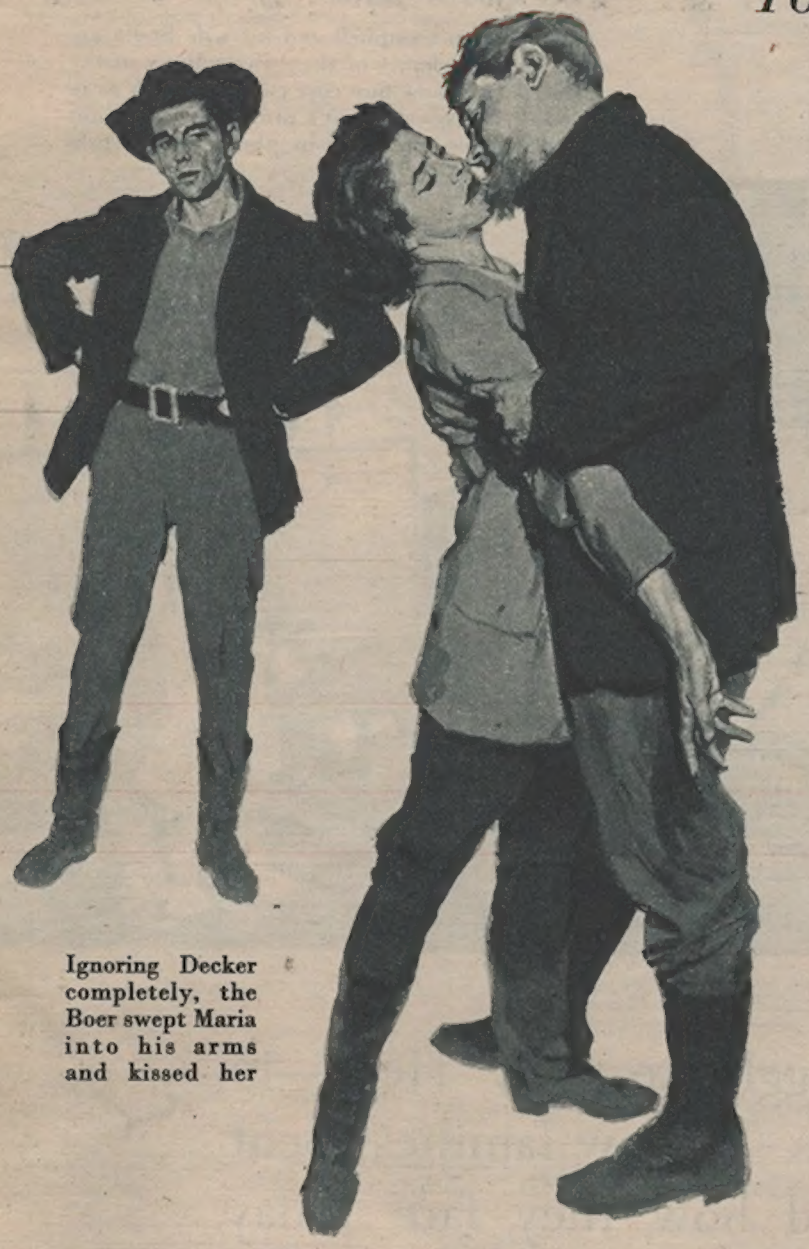
Milk, now 8½d. a pint, was 5½d. in

continued on page 24

EARTHSHAKER the powerful

To outwit the Matabele king, a salesman

A lie for Lobengula



Ignoring Decker completely, the Boer swept Maria into his arms and kissed her

AFRICA, 1893. . . . The gold-reef town of Victoria was a hotbed of rumour. A Matabele *impis* had descended into white territory to punish the Mashona for cattle-stealing. War between whites and blacks was imminent.

For Maria Prinsloo—an English girl at present in Victoria—the thought of such a war was terrifying. She was a friend of the Matabele king, Lobengula. And her Boer husband, Ernst, was Cecil Rhodes's agent at the king's kraal in Bulawayo. For Gabe Decker, a footloose American, the thought of war was not terrifying. But he conceded it would be mighty inconvenient. It would interfere with his peaceful plans to steal Lobengula's hoard of diamonds.

Decker's motives were already suspected by the English. He had been seen talking with Manyao, the induna heading a Matabele regiment camped near Victoria, and they believed he was a spy sent by the Aborigines Protection Society in London. In fact, Decker had been arranging for a safe pass to Bulawayo. He told Manyao that he could provide the king with guns. . . . And now he needed a good horse. He planned on a fast getaway from Bulawayo.

Good horses were scarce in Victoria. Gabe thought wistfully of the fine animals owned by Maria Prinsloo. His fertile mind began to work. . . .

Maria had just finished bathing that night when she was startled by a noise at the back of the house. Convulsively clutching a skirt and blouse against her, she swung towards the door. A Matabele warrior grinned and stepped towards her. . . .

PART TWO

THE warrior dropped his long shield and put out his left hand, mumbling something Maria could not understand. And then there was another noise. *God be merciful, another at the door!*

They would be killing everyone in Victoria now, everyone but her whom they hated. She had had too much to do with the Matabele. They would not murder her easily, but pass her from captain to captain.

The second man showed himself in the yellow-white radiation; and it was Gabriel Decker.

Decker took three long, quiet steps across the bedroom and jammed his shotgun muzzle into the small of the warrior's back. A look of dismay came into the black's painted face. Decker reached and caught his spear, wrested it from him and shoved him towards the door.

"Kill him," said Maria.

"Easy, ma'am. I'll take him outside and be right back. With your permission?" Decker said, glancing at her in a quite impersonal way.

"Yes, please, come back."

When they had gone Maria slipped on the cambric blouse; picked up a belt from her bureau and secured the skirt tightly. From outside there was the sound of a hard blow, and another and a third. Someone coughed as if in pain. Then a hand was laid on the latch. Decker came into the light once more.

"You didn't shoot him."

"No. I gave him a smack or two in the gut so he won't feel happy till morning."

"You ought to have killed him."

"I broke his spear; he won't do any more harm. If I'd killed him, we'd have a war on our hands."

"But he came into the house. They're starting the war."

"No, he was alone. I been trailing him since he came in off the veld."

"He may come back."

"I have an idea on that, if you're willing, Mrs. Prinsloo. I can sleep in your stable."

She was tired and relieved. "Mr. Decker, you're being kind and thoughtful." She hesitated, thinking back. "I wish I could sell you a horse. I can't because, as soon as Doctor Jameson arrives, I shall be leaving to join my husband in Bulawayo."

Decker pursed his lips. "Thanks, I wasn't expecting any reward."

"But while I wait for Jameson, I don't see why I can't give you Sindebele lessons, if you still want them," she said. It was the least she could offer.

Decker tipped his hat back with a thumb, evidently his manner of saluting or bowing: "I'd appreciate that, but don't feel you got to do it. Good night, Mrs. Prinsloo. Don't be afraid —but shutter your windows."

"I will. Good night and thank you."

As Decker walked to the stable, a Kaffir showed himself in the starlight. "Sir, it is not enough."

DECKER jumped. "Speak quiet, damn it! You want more than a pound? Is that it?"

The Kaffir nodded.

"You said it was all right this afternoon. Why, look, I didn't even hit you, I hit my own hand. It's sore where I smacked it, pretending it was you," Decker said indignantly.

"Sir, I steal Matabele *ixogopo* and assegai for you, and staying in this place of white men, *campeni*, all day for you, and I go now to kraal in hills and are much Matabele on *bani ro moteio*, so I is die on way to kraal and one pound is not enough," said the boy huskily, rolling his eyes at Decker. "I die for one pound and is not enough."

Gabriel Decker considered; the fellow wasn't being so unreasonable at that. Decker had found him in the afternoon. He was the servant of somebody in the South Africa Company; he spoke amazingly good English, and he was willing to masquerade for Decker, without understanding why.

Decker had expected to go out and knock over a soldier of Lobengula for the trappings; the Mashona had known that a full set of them hung in the hall of a government building, a present in happier times from the Matabele nation. So Decker had only to tell him how to steal them.

"Why are you going to your kraal?" he asked.

"Sir, no Mashona in *campeni* now, we know the *amadoda* are coming to kill Mashona." The boy was so unnerved that he was mixing English and Sindebele indiscriminately with words of his own language.

The white man asked: "They're coming here again?"

"Sir, yes, sir. And a man should die for more than a pound."

Decker was impressed with the justice of the Kaffir's demand. "Look, son," he said, "I have two guns here, see, a big gun and a little one. I'll go to your kraal with you and shoot any Matabele we see, but I won't give you more than your pound. How's that?"

The Mashona made a gesture of puzzled gratitude. "Sir, a pound is enough. . . ."

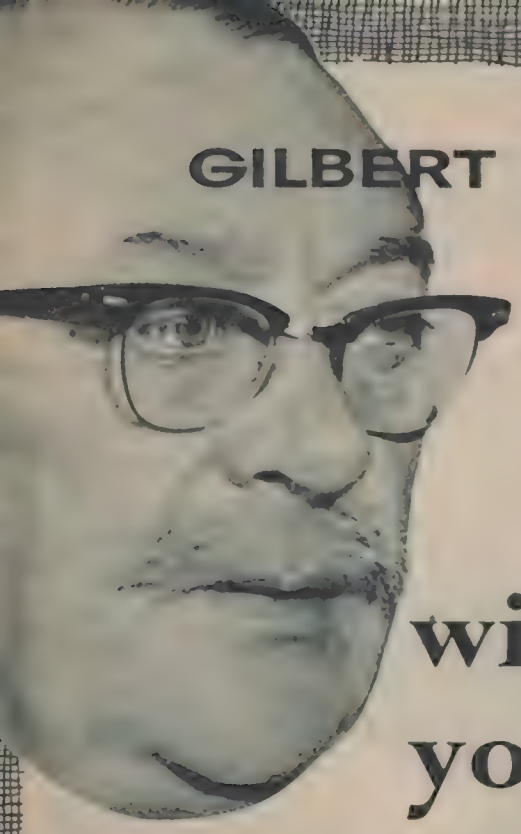
Decker came back to Maria Prinsloo's stable just as the sun was rising. He was as leg-weary as an old plough-horse but the Mashona slept safe in his hut on the granite hills and maybe that

new novel by ROBERT KREPPS

had to be subtle—yet ready to bargain with bullets

Watched by Lobengula and all his warriors, Decker took aim at a chicken, shifted his gun slightly to one side and fired

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI



GILBERT HARDING SAYS...

Your accent will hold you back

AMONG the many sins attributed to the poor old B.B.C. is the charge of making people lose the accent of their shires.

Almost with sorrow, *My Fair Lady* actor Stanley Holloway was saying that fewer and fewer London schoolchildren now "fink about fings." The speedy advance of B.B.C. "Standard English" has prompted Liverpool librarians to tape-record, before it is too late, citizens of that wind-whipped city saying, "See you issaffy." (See you this afternoon.)

I am sure that all these good people who deplore the teaching of what, I believe, is called "received pronunciation" are wrong.

What they fail to face is the hard, possibly ridiculous, fact that Britain is the only country in the world in which accent matters so much that it can break a career.

There are not only local accents in this country, there are accents that go with certain jobs.

George Chetwynd, M.P. for Stockton-on-Tees, some time ago elicited from the War Minister the fact that far more army officers came from the south of England than from the north. Of course they do. Men born north of the Wash are not deficient in courage, but they do not say, "Kerry an, min!" in the flat, hard voice that is the standard issue voice for an officer in the British Army.

Anything that smacks of "Pick oop tha muskett," is out.

When I was a police constable and a misfit, much of my misery stemmed from the fact that I did not speak like a Bradford policeman. "Be careful, now, Professor!" young constables used to call out as I went on beat. They were right; I had been a professor.

Voice in the dark

I remember a late-night encounter I had with a doctor I knew but who did not know me. He suddenly peered at me and remarked, "You're very well spoken for a policeman, my man." I could not resist replying, "You're not badly spoken, either, for a doctor."

It is a sad thing, but something that must be faced: everywhere, a man or woman who speaks with "no" accent, with "received pronunciation," is instantly accepted as a person of education, intelligence and culture.

That being so, there is no point that I can see in giving children equal opportunities in education if, at fifteen, when they leave school, they are going to lose opportunities because they happen to speak with the accents of, say, Stockton-on-Tees or Taunton.

My solution? Quite simple. Admit that a local accent can be a handicap in the business and social worlds. Too many people are afraid to admit that snobbery and nonsense exist; you do not become a snob by observing the existence of snobbery. Teach all children to speak "Standard English."

That does not mean that I either dislike or despise the accents of Stockton-on-Tees, Taunton, or anywhere else. I am not, I must admit, passionately attached to that merely slovenly speech, a shambles of diphthongs and murdered consonants, a vile jabber, that passes for speech in our great cities. But in many parts of the country there are admirable, tangy local voices with an accent that adds salt to a man's talk.

Teach double talk

I would hate to see them go. That would be a tragedy. They are part of our heritage and tradition. Under my plan they would not go.

Just as children already learn a *second* language, I would have them taught a second way of speaking English that would make them acceptable—and understood—anywhere.

The trouble is that too many sensible and ambitious young people are compelled to try do-it-yourself ways of learning "received pronunciation." 'Too often they speak "laike thet," horrible like.

Schools should take this seriously and teach elocution scientifically and properly. I was glad to see, on *Panorama*, not so long ago, that some of them now do.

It can be done by a good teacher, as it was done in Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*, better known as *My Fair Lady*. Said Professor Higgins of Eliza: "You see this creature with her kerbstone English: the English that will keep her in the gutter to the end of her days. Well, sir, in three months I could pass that girl off as a duchess. . . ."

We don't want our daughters to be duchesses today. Nobody, I hope, would teach the clipped nasal scorn-tones of Mayfair, or the fashionable, flat quack of debutantes, either. But it is not a tragedy, as my friend Stanley Holloway seems to think, for cockney schoolchildren to learn to speak acceptably.

I would be sorry for any girl who did try to make a career in Mayfair with a Poplar accent. Would she succeed, even today? Not b . . . . . likely.

THE END

Earthshaker

continued from page 10

would be counted to Decker's credit if it ever happened that he made it as far as the tollgate of Heaven.

Eight days after the attack, Dr. Jameson drove into Victoria in a Cape cart. The day following, Manyao came to Victoria, escorted by some of the Volunteers. With him were Mgandaan and a few others. They marched into the square at noon to meet the doctor.

At about the same moment Gabriel Decker came strolling down a side road and leaned against one of the government buildings, from which place he could hear all the eloquence.

The old induna began by demanding afresh that the fugitive Mashonas be given to him. Jameson said bluntly, "No!" and went on to order the Matabele home.

Manyao sighed. "Dakatela," he said, "I cannot take all the warriors with me, for they are drunk on Mashona blood and have determined to guzzle more, much more, before they return to their dry kraals. I think Lobengula himself could not force them to stop drinking this blood yet."

"Then you must carry back all those who will go with you," said Jameson coldly. "My long guns and I will forever end the thirst of those who are foolish enough to stay. All those who do not follow you over the border will find themselves looking into our guns. We'll drive them across."

"Where is the border?" asked Manyao, so quietly that Decker barely heard the words. Before Jameson could answer, the tall captain Mgandaan stepped forward and glared down at him. "*Ka s' esabi,*" he shouted. "We are not afraid of you. We will be driven!"

Manyao shook hands with Jameson sadly, and said something which Decker did not catch. The Matabele turned and strode off. The meeting was over. Gabriel Decker went back to the Prinsloo house and told Maria all he had heard.

"That's very bad," she said, "as bad as bad can be. If Manyao's lost his hold on them, we're at the brink of war." She looked at him, a woman trying to be calm while her stomach was searing with dread. "Mr. Decker, I'm afraid our language lessons are finished. I must ride to Bulawayo to warn my husband."

DECKER said: "Remember I got to go to that kraal too. And I sure as hell couldn't let you ride such a way alone, now could I?"

"What does your team do, about seventeen miles a day?" she asked.

"Well, Bomvu can go forty-five."

"You think I'll creep along with a string of donkeys when there's war on my tail?" He grunted. "I'll sell the donkeys and borrow me a horse."

"Where?" she said scornfully.

"From you," he answered. "Have some sense. I'm likely the only white man in Victoria headin' your way."

"I am having some sense," Maria threw back at him. "What do I know of you, except that you command a great skill at languages? D'you think I'd trust you alone?"

Decker thumbed back his Stetson. This was the scene he'd been preparing since the night he'd played the trick that put her in his debt. "You talk about sense," he said bitterly. "You sure ain't making it. Why, I'd offer the same proposition if you were a man. Two fighters back to back are ten times as dangerous as a solitary—there's your sense! I'm going to start for that kraal today, on your roan buzzard-head, and unless you come out with a damn sight better motive for ridin' lone than you have been, I'm gonna travel with you, for both our sakes. Meantime I have to sell my jackasses."

And he walked off briskly, without giving her the chance to reply.

Decker got thirty pounds for his team, which was more than he had given for it, and he decided to stow the buckboard in the Prinsloos' stable. When Maria saw the buckboard there, she said, "You were fairly certain of —everything, weren't you?"

"I've a powerful admiration for your brains, sis," Decker said briefly. "Knew you'd see it my way."

"Just one point," Maria said. She faced him squarely. "I have a rifle and a revolver. I'm not talking now to the man who saved my life, and who's been a perfect gentleman with me; I'm talking to a stranger who may very well have been playing an actor's part. If you lay a hand on me, Mr. Decker, I'll pot you without wavering."

"Understood," said Decker, looking at her with honest admiration.

"Fine. Let's hurry. I want to be with Lendy when he rides out to see the Matabele's retreat."

At two-thirty that afternoon of July 18, 1893, when thirty-five mounted men rode out of Victoria beneath a warm winter sun towards the north, Gabriel Decker and Maria Prinsloo rode with them. . . .

Mgandaan had just finished a raid on a village. He was walking over the veld, and some of the warriors who had remained with him were following, many leading cattle loaded with grain.

FIERCELY Mgandaan shook his bloody assegai at the blue sky. "Every dead Mashona dog stinking on the plain speaks of the power of Mgandaan, and when I return Lobengula will put me in charge of a mighty kraal."

There was the sound of horses to the south. He looked and could not see them, even though he was very tall, because of the dipping of the ground; he knelt and put an ear to the ground. The horses were coming at a walk and there were twenty or thirty of them, possibly more.

He raised himself and looked back at his men, strung out in a line reaching almost to the kraal they had sacked. "White men!" he roared at them. "White soldiers coming!" He was angry because he had not thought to keep them in fighting formation.

They stared at him stupidly. They had never fought the English, nor could they forget that their king had forbidden it. Their eyes bulged as they fingered their assegais uncertainly. They did not know what to expect.

Mgandaan did. He had hundreds of men here, and there were only a few riders. This was the time to show the white men who was master of the land.

"The horns!" he yelled at his warriors. "Form the horns!" That was the great Zulu battle formation: let him catch these pale fools within the arms of it and he would enfold them and crush them and annihilate them.

The riders came into view, spread out in skirmishing order and galloping now. A few of the warriors lifted their guns and fired, then pivoted to retreat at a run as the white men returned a spattering volley. Mgandaan howled with rage. A handful, only a handful of enemies on horses! *Hau, wo, hau,* it was all the king's fault, that soft

continued on page 28

THUMBTHING by Stowell

ROBERT HOLLES tells how Mary Ure, Stratford's new star—and wife of the Angriest Young Man—makes a career of happiness

John Osborne relaxes. His wife has trouble matching his mental agility

Mrs. Look-Back-In-Anger

Not long ago Mary Ure, the twenty-six year old blonde actress who stars in the Stratford production of *Othello* opposite Paul Robeson this week, was sitting, elegant and fragile, in the sitting-room of the cottage in a Chelsea cul-de-sac where she lives with her husband, John Osborne.

She was reading, with quiet concentration, a massive work by the German philosopher, Nietzsche, which her husband had bought for her.

Later, a neighbouring actor called. He noticed the book and made a remark about it.

Mary Ure replied with a complex and erudite rush of words which left the actor gasping. Then she suddenly gave him a radiant grin and added half-apologetically: "Well—you know what I mean."

Since her marriage in August, 1957, to Osborne, the playwright who is famous for his belligerent attitude to nearly everything, Mary has adjusted herself loyally to her changed circumstances. She regularly attends performances of new plays by young playwrights who have something interestingly sulphurous to say. She reads a great deal. She no longer has time for her favourite pastime—sailing.

A few months ago she was dropped by the Rank Organisation. Her friends have noticed her new seriousness of purpose. One of them, actress Tarn Stephens, says: "Mary is more articulate in her thinking since she married John; she has grown up."

Infectious gaiety

But despite the single-mindedness with which Miss Ure has tackled her new obligations, she is hampered by her native Scots dislike of pretentiousness, coupled with an infectious gaiety of spirit.

Her difficulties began on the day of her marriage ceremony, which took place at Chelsea Register Office. Afterwards she told questioners: "We both have the strongest possible objections to marrying in church. We loathe all clergymen."

She now admits: "That was a generalization. It's the kind of thing which is always seized on. I don't really hate *all* clergymen—only the pompous kind."

The truth is that, in spite of herself, Miss Ure can't help liking nearly everybody. Even when she thinks about it, she finds it difficult to produce a convincing list of hates: "I loathe people who park their cars outside my front door, and journalists who ask me how many children I'm going to have. And pompous clergymen."

Her hostility towards the latter is directed more towards pomposity in general than the ecclesiastical profession in particular. "If she met anybody pompous," says Tarn Stephens, "Mary would quickly cut him

continued on page 15

Mary Ure stars in the film *Look Back In Anger*, soon to be released. Her husband won fame by writing the play

She was a girl with a date

and she couldn't be late!

Going dancing tonight, Jill?
Yes...I've a date with Peter at seven-thirty. But I must get home for a cup of tea and a bath first.
But it's after six, now!

ARRIVING AT HOME

'Sorry, mummy, I must rush—Peter's calling for me in half an hour. I can't be late!'

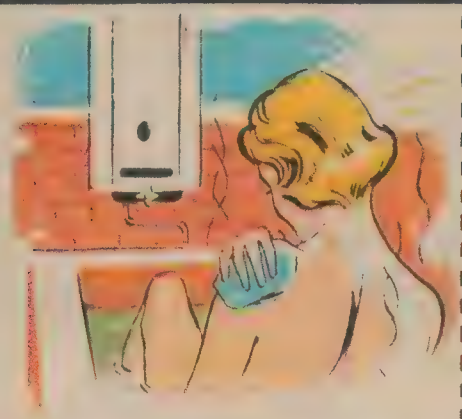
'Don't worry, Jill. Your bath's ready now—there's endless hot water waiting for you!'

'. . . and meanwhile, I'll go and make some tea. It'll only take a minute with the new boiling water heater—it's a time saver.'

'Turn on the tap, turn the selector to boiling, warm the pot . . . put in the tea—and the tea's made! I'll take a cup up to her while the bath's filling.'

'Is that my tea, mummy?'

'Yes, dear and the bath's ready now—lots of lovely hot water. Just what you need after a hard day's work.'



'This bath's *gorgeous*—so beautifully hot—no waiting at all. Instant gas-hot water certainly makes a girl feel wonderfully pampered and ready for an evening's dancing!'

'Good evening, Peter—Jill's ready for you.'

'Gosh, I never thought she'd make it in time. What's her secret?'

'You should ask Mr. Therm—he's the magician!'

Darling, you look simply wonderful tonight. And you were ready when I called. Promise you'll stay punctual after we're married?
I promise – if you promise I can have a gas water heater in our home!

If you want instant endless hot water at a tap's turn . . . remember—

only GAS can give it

Issued by the Gas Council.

Mrs. Look-Back-In-Anger

continued from page 13

down to size." But strangely, nobody can recall an occasion when Miss Ure *did* meet anyone pompous. This is because very few people think of being pompous with Miss Ure.

She might well have taken early lessons in the size-cutting art from her father, a blunt civil engineer from Glasgow. In 1955 Mr. Ure was persuaded to go and see his daughter in Anouilh's play, *Time Remembered* —her first appearance in the West End —after the critics had rapturously compared her performance with the début of Vivien Leigh twenty years earlier. After the last act he visited Mary in her dressing-room. He told her: "You were a very good foil for Margaret Rutherford."

During her marriage Mary has got used to her husband's imaginative flights, but occasionally he produces a brand of mental agility which she finds difficult to match. A few months ago Osborne went to America. Before he left he presented his wife with a dachshund puppy and warned her: "Whatever he does, you mustn't hit him. These dogs have very delicate insides."

The animal was christened "Slicky" after Osborne's new musical, but soon the name had been modified to "Snoopy." Free of any discipline or restraint, the puppy began to develop other, even less desirable traits. But Mary refrained from punishing it.

Osborne returned. After a few days

THE HOARD

These are his treasures,
look: a length of string,
Two coloured pencils,
and a brilliant red
Engagement ring.
A square of toffee
rather past its prime,
And a toy watch whose
garish numbers say
It's dinner time.
The other pocket holds
a matchbox, three
African stamps, and
for his cosmic gun
A shrivelled pea.
When he's a man
he'll never know again
Such wealth as this,
nor in its casual loss
Find deeper pain.

JEAN KENWARD

he began to notice the dog's shortcomings. Then Snoopy leaped out of an upstairs window on to his new car.

Osborne picked up the animal and gave it a resounding whack. When Mary remonstrated, he informed her: "It's all right if you hit them in the right place."

Everyone who knows Miss Ure testifies to her habit of taking life in great gulps. The actor Richard Goolden describes her as being "like a young puppy." She once approached him in a theatre and asked him if he was having an enjoyable day. "As soon as she'd asked me she was off without waiting for my reply," says Goolden. "She took it for granted that I was about to answer in the affirmative. Actually I'd had a lousy day."

While Osborne was in the United States, a young playwright who was friendly with the couple offered to take Mary to the pictures. She accepted. The playwright arrived for the occasion on an ancient motor-cycle which didn't even boast a pillion. But he strapped a cushion to his machine, Miss Ure changed into a pair of tight trousers she had brought back from New York, and the motor-bike roared off.

On the way her trousers split.

Although her performances during the last five years have established her as the most talented among the younger generation of British actresses, Mary Ure genuinely does not care whether she is a popular success or not. On the morning after the opening of *Time Remembered,* a colleague telephoned to congratulate her on the press notices. She replied: "I haven't seen them. I only take one newspaper."

She takes pains to get the right atmosphere for her dramatic rôles. For the part of Ophelia in *Hamlet,* she spent several days in a mental hospital, talking to the patients. She seeks to please herself and the producer. "If you worried about what people were going to think of your performance, you'd never be able to do anything."

"Terrible" films

The same attitude of serene indifference to the normal rewards of stardom is apparent in Miss Ure's screen career. She describes her first two films as "terrible." "The people who were making them weren't really interested in what they were doing," she asserts. But she enjoyed making the screen version of *Look Back In Anger.* "It was very interesting. We had to rethink it completely. Nothing was the same as in the stage version. Films can be a very exciting medium."

In 1955 she was sent to the Venice Film Festival as the principal representative of London Films. While other actresses were disporting themselves in mink bikinis, Mary wandered about the city, or lazed on the beach. During the evenings, when most of her rivals jostled for public attention at receptions and parties, she sat avidly watching the new Continental films. The only time she caused anything like a sensation was at a garden party. Only Mary turned up wearing a flowered dress and a large cartwheel hat.

Her colleagues always consider Mary's presence in the cast as exhilarating, even if it is sometimes apt to upset their routine. Once, when she was appearing in a play at Edinburgh, she insisted on teaching the entire cast to dance the eightsome reel. Goolden recalls walking along the Southsea promenade with Miss Ure. It was a very cold, blustery day in October. "Suddenly she said the sea looked fine for a swim. She dashed back to the hotel, changed into a bathing-suit and went straight into the water."

Shortly before a performance, Goolden was talking to Miss Ure in her dressing-room. She became so involved in the conversation that she began changing in the middle of a flow of words. Talking and gesticulating, she rapidly threw off her garments. "The dresser saw what was happening," says Goolden. "She dashed over to Mary and turned her round."

One of the few things which makes Miss Ure angry is the suggestion that she has a mellowing effect on her husband. "If anything," she says, "he feels more strongly than he ever did, now that he knows he has an audience for his views. I hope he will *never* get mellow."

When she first read a script of *Look Back In Anger,* she wept all through the last act. Later, while he was writing his play, *The Entertainer,* Osborne called on Richard Goolden, who had a stock of old music hall records. Mary went too.

For the remainder of the evening Osborne and Goolden listened to the records and discussed the merits of various variety artists of the past. Mary's contributions to the conversation became less and less frequent. All at once the two men looked round.

Mary was fast asleep. THE END

GETTING TO KNOW YOURSELF

Are you a happy person?

Answer these questions, set by a doctor, to see if you have a temperament which makes for happiness, whatever the situation of the world around you.

1. If a good fairy offered to transport you to another period in history, which of the following would you choose?

(a) The simple, natural age of prehistoric man.
(b) The Golden Age of England under Good Queen Bess.
(c) The prosperous serenity of the Victorian era.
(d) The exciting Space Age of tomorrow.
(e) You'd prefer to remain in the present time.

2. Have you ever seen your doctor about twinges, breathing difficulties or vague aches, only to be told that there is nothing physically wrong?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

3. You're human, so you have faults. In your opinion:

(a) is this incorrect?
(b) are you doing your best to remedy them?
(c) do you consider people should accept you as you are?

4. Recall the happiest social occasion you enjoyed more than six months ago. Is it memorable because:

(a) you were the centre of attraction?
(b) you were with someone you love?
(c) the affair cost a lot of money?
(d) it commemorated an important anniversary?

5. Television is a desirable invention because:

(a) it provides work for thousands of people?
(b) it strengthens the bonds of home life?
(c) it provides amusement for millions?
(d) it is a powerful propaganda weapon for the government?

6. Most women like to use make-up because:

(a) it's a feminine trait to want to look attractive?
(b) advertising has taught them to do so?
(c) women are basically hypocrites and love to pretend to be what they aren't?
(d) it captivates men?

7. Everyone moves around in bed while asleep. Would you honestly say that you:

(a) toss about more than most?
(b) keep remarkably still compared with other people?
(c) move occasionally to get more comfortable like everyone?

8. Have you a mannerism, like nail-biting, pulling the lobe of your ear, clicking your fingers, you'd like to stop, but can't?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.
(c) You didn't think so until you read this question.

9. "Man is master of his Fate and captain of his Soul."

(a) A poet's unrealistic comment?
(b) True for the majority?
(c) True for a few lucky people?

10. For the average person—and you—is the peak of happiness:

(a) in the carefree innocence of childhood?
(b) in the serenity of old age?
(c) when newlywed?
(d) when ambitions are attained?
(e) right now?

Now turn to page 33

A revealing new series by W. E. Armstrong

CAN WE STAY YOUNG LONGER?

Today, children can expect to live sixty-nine years. But soon the average life span may be 140

Every day, doctors are pushing back the frontiers of old age. Soon they may hold the key to lasting youth

A SHORT time ago Doctor Trevor Howell, head of the Geriatric Unit at Queen's Hospital, Croydon, performed two autopsies. All patients at the Geriatric Unit are very old, and the two who died were both in their nineties.

In one case Dr. Howell discovered acute arteriosclerosis, advanced heart ailments, severe kidney disturbances and incipient cancer—a whole clinical picture of the degenerative diseases, the so-called diseases of old age. In the other case he found almost no sign of disease whatever, and none at all of fatal disease.

"My findings posed two questions," said Dr. Howell. "In the first case I had to ask myself: *How did this man live so long?* In the second: *Why did this man die?*"

Dr. Howell's questions sum up the problem which has obsessed mankind ever since the power to formulate ideas was given it. Why do we die? But, since we do, how can we push back the frontiers of age; how continue to live in health and vigour although, chronologically, the years go on?

This agonizing enigma is the recurring theme in all the literature and folklore of the world. It is in the Greek and Oriental legends, and in the search of the medieval alchemists for the Philosopher's Stone which would engender the Elixir of Eternal Youth. It is in such masterpieces as Goethe's *Faust* and in such sugary trifles as Barrie's *Peter Pan*. Its echo—"And they lived happily ever afterwards"—signs off every fairy story ever written. Modern psychology is veined with it.

But never, perhaps, has the ancient question been asked more urgently than in the era of the sputnik. If our skills and scientific techniques can split the atom and use its power, put satellites in orbit, produce penicillin and the sulfa drugs and progressively probe the nature of the universe, why can't we, if not prevent, at least sensibly arrest, the oncome of age? Can the great wish be satisfied? If so, what are our medical pundits doing about it?

The answer is that they are doing a great deal, certainly more than has ever been done before. For the first time in history the question, "How and why do we get old?" is being attacked, not by a few dedicated inquirers working in isolation, but by organized teams all over the world which compare notes, discuss findings and draw up research programmes.

Significant progress has been made, and if no exciting conclusion has yet come to startle public imagination, we must remember that the word "gerontology" was coined only some forty years ago—a very short interval as science regards time.

Gerontology, derived from the Greek *geron*, meaning old man, is the specialized field of research into all that pertains to the phenomenon of ageing, the factors that make human beings and all organisms grow old, and the means of minimizing such factors. Geriatrics, also a new word, is the science of treating the diseases of old age in man.

Temporary results

While every geriatrician is a gerontologist, the converse is not true. A man who studies ageing in crystals or trees or men, and asks himself how we can arrest such ageing, is a gerontologist, he is not a geriatrician.

The geriatrician takes over when the damage of ageing is done. The gerontologist tries to ensure that the damage is not done, or not done so quickly. He studies, in fact, to keep us younger.

Gerontology, then, though an idea as old as man, is an infant science. Like all young sciences it sins by that excess of enthusiasm which tends to make it confound sensational but temporary results with durable remedies.

Hardly a month passes but some discovery is reported as the decisive break through the age barrier. The secret this time might be novocaine, hormone injections, soda baths, a revolution in diet or glandular extracts from the higher apes. The point about all these "miracle" nostrums is that they are not in the news for very long.

The fuss dies down and the gerontologists who—usually, but not always—unwittingly started it, file the failure away and cast round for some more promising line of research.

For the fact is that there is no reason that we can yet see why men should age at all. Man, in common with all multicelled organisms, has a self-repairing system and, in theory, should live "for ever" for—in theory again—we are not convinced that the deteriorative processes which we call ageing are inevitable. Put another way, it is far from sure whether death from "natural causes" is certain. There exists, indeed, dramatic proof that it is not. Dr. Alexis Carrel, in a celebrated experiment, kept a piece of embryonic chicken alive in a nutrient fluid for more than thirty years, only killing it when it became quite clear that the tissue would live for ever.

In nature certain forms of life do live on and on for periods that, by our human standards, we must call "for ever." The towering, thousands-of-years-old redwood trees on the western seaboard of the United States continue to live and grow until some environmental disaster such as a lightning stroke or a ground subsidence brings them down. The same is true of some specimens of the swamp cypress.

Complicated man

A man, of course, like his good laboratory friend the rat, is a vastly more complicated organism than a tree. But, like a tree, he is protoplasm, and there is nothing in the fundamental nature of protoplasm that brings on wearing out, or what we know as ageing.

Gerontologists working in different fields have various definitions for ageing. Perhaps the most convenient would be that which describes ageing as the progressively lowered resistance to diseases and bodily afflictions which man experiences as the years advance. Scientists are engaged in studying the nature of this lowered resistance, finding out its cause and, consequently, searching for means of controlling it.

Controlling it, for, after all, the object is not to live "for ever" or even for a hundred years in the state of senility appropriate to such a span—in "second childishness and mere

oblivion, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

The object is to live, not to be kept alive; to possess at, say, the chronological of eighty, the vitality and resistance of thirty-five or forty.

Some men and women in history seem to have found it. One was a Dane called Christian Drakensberg. According to more or less, but not entirely trustworthy, records, he was born in 1626 and died in 1772.

Nearer home is Thomas Parr, whose gravestone in Westminster Abbey tells us that he was 152 years old at his death in the reign of Charles I. According to the famous surgeon William Harvey, who performed an autopsy on his body, "his organs were in perfect condition," and that he was carried off at all was simply due to a monumental indigestion.

Gerontologists are not impressed by these records of longevity, and point out two suspicious features of such claims: they either invariably pertain to people who lived before an efficient system of birth registration was in force, or are made for natives of romantically strange and distant countries.

But people do genuinely live to be a hundred—about 150 centenarians die in France every year—and a century or a few years over it is now generally accepted by gerontologists as a reasonable figure for the human life span.

It might seem contradictory to admit, on the one hand, that there is no apparent reason why living things should age and die and, on the other, attempt to postulate, define and explain a limit of life. But this primal contradiction is embedded in all science. We do not know, may never satisfactorily know, what heat *is*. That does not prevent us from using heat as energy. Pathologists have no idea *how* the brain works, but surgeons perform successful brain operations.

Ideally and theoretically we should be deathless. But since we are not, since night does fall, science must accept the evidence and attempt to formulate a theory or explanation which will consistently contain it.

Mayfly's minutes

Every species has a life span. Biologists are fond of the image of a built-in time clock, a complex which starts ticking, as it were, at conception and which will stop at the sum of its allotted revolutions. Why a mayfly's time clock operates for a few minutes and that of some reptilian species for hundreds of years, nobody knows—for this is the secret of life.

It is a popular saying which states that we are dying every second we live, but in the sense that scientists try to understand the process of senescence that is exactly what is happening. The fastest stage of human growth is that of the embryo, but even at this stage changes are taking place within the organism when the gill clefts, the heritage of our aquatic forebears, atrophy and slough away. It can be said that we have begun to age in the womb.

Although the progress from the embryo through puberty and adolescence to adulthood can be called a process of ageing, gerontologists prefer to distinguish ageing from senescence.

Senescence is deterioration, the progressive loss by our organism of effective weapons against disease, and a correspondingly progressive liability to suffer from the stresses of shock and disturbance. A youth of seventeen throws off the effects of influenza much more quickly than does his father. A broken leg at twenty-one is not very serious; at eighty it will always be crippling and sometimes fatal.

The rate of the oncome of senescence varies with individuals. Some people, as we say, are "old before their time"; others we call "wonderful for their age." Such phrases are true observations, for within the life span there are a more or less consistent series of changes which can be presented as graphic curves.

Some of the curves are surprising. Our eyes are the first to go into decline when the lenses lose elasticity, and this by the early age of ten. By forty the field of vision is narrowing and its sharpness becoming blunted. No one with healthy ears would say that deafness had set in at twenty, yet it is at this stage, when certain tones in the higher register escape us, that the hearing starts the downward curve towards total failure. The acuity of our taste buds degenerates at about fifty; in the sixties our sense of smell weakens.

So much for the senses. Their organs can fail altogether, as in blindness and deafness, well before the life span is reached, but other organs and muscles seem to be better equipped to last a stretch of a century or more. The most notable of these are that great muscle and exquisite pump, the heart, and the cavity of the stomach.

Never wears out

The stomach is much maligned and can, indeed, cause much trouble, but it rarely "wears out," as can the eyes. The inception of its decline, nevertheless, is quite early—at about twenty—when the secretions, the gastric juices, begin a slow decrease. At sixty the output of the gastric juices, which ensures efficient digestion, is half of what it was forty years before.

Gastric juices are secretions; so are saliva and sweat, which are exuded less copiously as the years accumulate. We can get along well enough with a reduced output of sweat and saliva. What is more serious is the reduction of our secret armoury against illness: the little understood "antibodies" which fend off and neutralize infectious

continued on page 33

Sally and the

by ROBERT HOLMES

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN KEELTINE

DOGDAYS STREET, Soho, is only two hundred yards long, but on a Saturday night you will find a policeman every twenty yards along its narrow length. And on any night, if someone bumps into you on the pavement, it is wise to apologize twice—once out of politeness and once more to be prudent.

Dermot O'Flaherty turned carelessly into this unsavoury street on a Thursday night, without noticing where his feet were taking him. He was thinking of robbing a bank. It was only that morning that he arrived in London freshly down from Cambridge with a zoological degree and almost no money. Young graduates are frequently in this position, but for Dermot there was the additional complication that the Hoppenhaper Foundation expected £200 from him by the end of the month.

In August the foundation was sending a research party into the jungles of the Amazon basin. Dermot, whose particular speciality was ornithology, had been allotted a place in the team. For a young man who lived, breathed and—on occasion—ate birds, it was a golden chance to do some real pioneering fieldwork . . . but before he could grasp it he had to contribute £200 towards the expenses.

Short of robbing a bank, there seemed no way of raising that amount. As he turned into Dogdays Street he was wondering which branch of the Big Five he ought to tackle. This larcenous line of thought was broken abruptly by the sound of scuffling on the footpath ahead. A rude oath rang through the night. Shocked, Dermot peered into the shadows where three men, he perceived, were attacking a fourth. The victim was defending himself with some vigour.

From his reading of the Sunday papers, Dermot knew that such one-sided battles were a common feature of life in Soho. He watched approvingly for a moment, and would then have passed on his way—cheered and uplifted in spirit—if one of the men had not lurched against him. The man swung round, snarling, and aimed a blow at Dermot's head.

It was a rash thing to do. Dermot was a mild-mannered fellow as are most bird-lovers, but he was also his grandfather's grandson—and in his Kilkenny youth Dermot's grandfather had often walked fifty miles to find a fight.

His Irish blood afire, Dermot plunged into the fray with flailing arms. His fist struck one man's jaw with the clopping sound of a billiard ball going hard into a pocket, and a terrible blow to the midriff stretched another man across the pavement.

Suddenly, to Dermot's surprise, the street was quiet again; quiet, that is, but for the rapidly receding footsteps of the third attacker and the angry muttering of the man who had been attacked. He seemed to be searching for something in the gutter.

'Are you hurt?" Dermot said.

Hurt. Me?" the man said indignantly. "Take more than Harry's boys to hurt me. But look what they've done to my hat."

Dermot eyed the shapeless piece of felt. "Annoying," he agreed.

"Sally's not going to like this," the man said darkly. "The clumsy clots!"

"Who's Sally?" Dermot asked.

"My daughter," the man said, dusting the hat with his sleeve. "I'm George Jerome." He said it as though it were a name Dermot should know.

"My name is Dermot O'Flaherty."

"No relation to old Mersey Joe, I suppose?" said Mr Jerome.

"I shouldn't think so," Dermot said coldly.

"Mersey Joe—a wonderful featherweight, he was. Used to call him Fighting O'Flaherty." Mr Jerome pulled thoughtfully at his ear. "He'd be before your time, of course. Let's have a cup of tea, shall we?"

Without waiting for a reply, he took Dermot's arm and led him towards a door across the street. The fanlight overhead was dimly lighted and the words BOYLAND'S GYM had been stencilled on it in blue paint. Mr. Jerome opened the door and showed Dermot into a well-equipped gymnasium containing two boxing rings and a small fat man asleep in a deck-chair between them.

DERMOT followed Mr Jerome through the gymnasium into a cupboard-sized office where the older man stopped and plugged in an electric kettle. Seeing his easy, proprietorial air, Dermot said: "Is this your place?"

Mr Jerome pointed through the door at the sleeping fat man. "His," he said. "I'm a boxing manager. Trained a lot of my boys here."

Dermot digested this information while Mr Jerome opened a drawer and produced a small teapot and a bottle of milk. Steam began to issue from the kettle and Mr Jerome held his battered hat over the spout, smoothing it gently into shape. "You ever done any boxing?" he asked.

Dermot shook his head.

"Never? The older man looked at him sympathetically. "You mean your face has always been like that?"

"Like what?" Dermot said. Mr Jerome was coming perilously close to an insult.

"Well, I've never seen anyone so like the Bootie Bearcat——" Mr. Jerome jumped as though stung by a bee. "Damme!" he said. "What an idea! What a lowdown dishonest idea!"

Dermot looked at him in bewilderment.

"I couldn't pull a trick like that," Mr Jerome said in an awed voice. "Or could I? Just a minute, my boy, just a minute. Let me look at you." He caught Dermot by the arms and stared intently up at him. The light of discovery shone in his eyes. "If we cut off your hair, nobody could tell the difference."

Dermot shook off the restraining hands. "Nobody's going to cut my hair off," he said crossly. "I'm going."

"Don't be hasty, son," Mr Jerome sprang in front of him. "I've got a little proposition to put to you—a financial proposition."

"Financial?" said Dermot. "Well that's different. Go on."

"The Bootie Bearcat's one of my boxers," said Mr Jerome. He lifted the kettle and poured water into the teapot. "You look like him. That's the nub of the thing. Sugar?"

"Please."

"The Bearcat is due to fight Hammer-toes Galenti," Mr. Jerome continued. "But unfortunately, he has nicked his back and we shall have to call the fight off—d'you follow?"

"Hammer-toes Galenti?" Dermot repeated. He was fascinated. "Yes, I see. That little—ah misunderstanding with Harry's boys just now," Jerome said. "Well, that was because Harry has taken a lot of bets on this fight. He's a bookmaker. If we call the fight off, he'll have to pay the money back. We shall all lose a great deal of money. Unless——"

"Unless?"

Mr Jerome prodded his teaspoon into Dermot's chest. "You take the Bearcat's place," he said.

"That's a scandalous suggestion," Dermot said. "Er—how much would I get?"

Mr Jerome scratched his nose. His eyes weighed Dermot shrewdly. "A hundred," he said. "Ten rounds with old Hammer-toes. Money for jam."

"Double it," Dermot said firmly.

"Well . . . if you win . . ."

Dermot thought for a moment. "This Hammer-toes chap," he said cautiously, "He sounds pretty vicious, eh?"

"He's clever," Mr Jerome conceded. "A clever boxer but he can't take a punch on the jaw—in fact, some people call him Glassjaw Galenti."

"They do?"

"On my honour."

"Glassjaw Galenti—ha, ha," said Dermot. "In that case, Mr Jerome, it's a deal."

In the large shed at the bottom of Mr. Jerome's suburban garden a canvas bag was suspended from a rafter. It held a hundredweight of sand. Dermot was required to punch it.

In fact, he had punched it for several hours on each of the last four days and he was getting tired of the exercise. It seemed an unrewarding occupation.

He gave the heavy bag a last wallop and turned to see if his trainer was watching. She was not. Sally Jerome was reclining comfortably on the sunlit lawn, her shining blonde head supported on an inflatable cushion. She appeared to be asleep.

Aesthetically, the picture she presented, in the briefest of two-piece sun suits, was one that the most curmudgeonly misogynist would have found hard to fault. But Dermot's eye rested dully on her. It was not that a close study of bird life had affected his appreciation of the female form. It was just that this particular girl was poison.

The meals she prepared—Mr Jerome was a widower and Sally kept house for him after a fashion—but even when she could not eat them. His appetite had gone. His bed, which Sally made every day with her own fair hands, was the most comfortable he had ever failed to sleep in. And when he did succeed in dozing off he found that she haunted his dreams.

Dermot was in love.

It might be thought that a man who had poked his ornithological nose into a thousand little nests would have been quick to recognize his symptoms. But Dermot had been under the Jerome roof for nearly twenty-four hours before he realized that the tumult in his breast was not indigestion.

And unrequited love, Dermot had discovered, was an awful thing to suffer from. Sally Jerome had made it plain that she equated pugilists with the beasts of the field, and although her initial frostiness had quickly thawed, he had a feeling that one false move would send her back to the Arctic.

Now watching Sally sleep, the full misery of the situation overcame him. Glumly, he stripped off his gloves; sadly, he stooped to pluck a blade of grass: morosely he used the blade of grass to tickle Sally's charming, faintly freckled nose.

Sally giggled and sat up. "Hi bristle-bonce," she said gaily.

Dermot winced and ran a rueful hand over his crewcut—the Bootle Bearcat's hair style. "I'm tired of training," he said.

"Poor old Higgy."

Dermot winced again. Edward Higgins was the Bootle Bearcat's true

You could count Dermot out as a boxer—unless he was saved by the belle

Birdman

Dermot looked wearily down at Sally. Not because his appreciation had been blunted by his long study of bird life, but because now this girl was poison . . .

In short

The Fledgeling

Climbing up a poplar tree,
Thinking he would like to see
Why it was the average bird
So consistently preferred
Living there, to on the ground,
James, to his enchantment, found
That the swaying to and fro
Did *exhilarate* him so.
He decided, then and there,
To live, himself, up in the air.

Both his parents plead—in vain;
He will *not* come down again.
Friends and neighbours have advised
He be psycho-analysed,
But the psycho-analyst,
Thinking that he might be missed
(And being sixty, if a day),
Steadily declines to play.
Says he WILL NOT go to Jim.
Patients ought to go to HIM.

Now Mamma (unreconciled
To the fact she's lost her child),
When she airs his vests and things
Attaches little knitted wings,
In the hope that should he try
To emulate the birds, and fly
(And ten-to-one he'll think of it!)
They may break his fall a bit.

GERTRUDE MONRO HIGGS

Summing Up

Now, members of the jury, we come to the evidence of Miss Pope, who paid the accused £5 in notes at her front door, expecting him to return with the roll of linoleum. The accused claims that he was, in fact, committing the far less serious offence of collecting bets. Be that as it may, the horse Lino, on which he says that Miss Pope had placed her stake, did not run.

Now you have heard evidence that a horse of this name was entered at a remote racecourse and scratched at the post. You have also heard that it was a creature scarcely distinguishable from a cart-horse and that it belonged to the accused, who had bought it at an advanced age. Expert witnesses gave similar descriptions of horses named Firewood, Peat and Topsoil.

When asked how it was that he accepted bets only on his own horses, the accused said it just happened that punters liked to follow his stable. He added that this trust made him feel very proud.

Then I must remind you of the evidence of the witness Harker, relating to a greyhound named Leafmould. . . .

R. G. G. PRICE

Signs Of The Times

Ah, Spring! when Nature re-creates
Her woods, her hives, her midges,
When frisky swallows and their mates
Play tick below the bridges,
And boy friends lurk at girl friends' gates
Like cats in front of fridges.

E. S. TURNER

No, Like This!

"I looked in to borrow your mattock. Sometimes these old-fashioned tools can be useful for odd corners, where one's modern equipment is useless. What on earth are you doing to your gate?"

"Oiling the hinges, of course. I'm tired of the squeak."

"You ought to change the hinges to even the wear."

"You can't change them. They're part of the gate."

"I didn't know that anyone these days still stuck to *fixed* hinges. Have you tested the angle of swing?"

"I haven't tested anything. I've just got the oilcan and shoved some oil in."

"If the gate always swings in the same arc, the pinions—you don't look as though you're following me."

"My expression is admiration. Surely you aren't complaining about that?"

"The pinions suffer from fatigue-warp. How do you mix your oil?"

"I take it just as it comes out of the can."

"I thought you probably did. You ought to diagnose the oil-needs of the gate and then mix to the right consistency. I'll give you my recipe. Take it down."

"Yes, I have a bit of time now. I've cured the squeak."

"Oh, if you don't *want* me to help. . . ."

GEOFFREY RICHARDS

Sally and the birdman

continued from page 18

name, and as such he had been introduced to Sally. She knew nothing of the deception about to be practised on the fight-going public. That was a secret shared only with Mr. Jerome, the real Bearcat and—presumably—Harry the bookmaker.

"Never mind," Sally said. "It will all be over tomorrow. D'you think you'll win?"

"I've got to win," Dermot said grimly, thinking of the £200. "If I don't, I shall be sunk."

"Why will you?" Sally asked. "You've lost your last five fights."

"I've what?"

"Well, that's what it said in the paper this morning. Isn't it true?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose it is," Dermot said. This was something that Mr. Jerome had kept from him.

"Perhaps you should give it up?" Sally suggested. "You can't be very good. Have you made much money."

"No," Dermot said with simple candour. "But perhaps I will. Mr. Galenti is supposed to have a glass jaw."

"Good heavens!" Sally looked horrified. "Surely he shouldn't be boxing?"

"It's a figure of speech," Dermot said soothingly. "It means he is abnormally susceptible to moderate blows."

"You're the oddest boxer I've ever met," Sally said wonderingly. She brushed grass clippings from her tanned legs and rose lithely to her feet. "You'd better go and do some skipping or something. Daddy will be home soon."

"Oh, have a heart, Sally," Dermot groaned. "I'm exhausted."

She eyed him critically. "You don't look a bit tired to me. I bet that Galenti man is training like mad."

"Hah! Well, it won't do him any good," Dermot said. He turned reluctantly towards the shed. "I've only got to hit him once."

A LITTLE more than twenty-four hours later Dermot recalled these brash words with a sense of incredulity. He was sitting in one corner of a twenty-foot ring inhaling the breeze from a flapping towel. The first three minutes of his battle with Hammer-toes Galenti had passed into history. And he had not landed a blow.

"Told you he was clever," Mr. Jerome muttered in Dermot's ear. He wiped a wet sponge over Dermot's face, already puffed and marked where Mr. Galenti has practised his craft.

"He won't stand still," Dermot grumbled querulously.

"Never mind. You're wearing him down," Mr. Jerome said. "Keep after him."

Slapping a vast, evil-tasting gum-shield into Dermot's mouth, he scrambled through the ropes. The gong went and once more Dermot was alone with his enemy. The Garden Stadium was an open-air amphitheatre and the rays of the setting sun were slanting straight into his eyes.

Galenti was dark and handsome and irrepressibly cheerful. He smiled every time he hit Dermot, which was often, and laughed gleefully every time he evaded Dermot's clumsy lunges.

Mr. Jerome shuddered and let his gaze wander along the ringside seats to where his daughter, Sally, was sitting. The agony on her face startled him. She was watching Dermot with a strained, crouching intensity.

Slow understanding came to Mr. Jerome. He realized now why she had insisted on coming tonight—the first time, to his knowledge, that she had attended a boxing tournament. Well, he was a nice enough young fellow. . . .

Then, while he was studying Dermot with the careful eyes of a prospective father-in-law, Mr. Jerome witnessed one of the strangest sights he had ever seen in a boxing ring. Quite suddenly, Dermot stopped boxing and stood peering intently at the evening sky.

Mr. Jerome himself glanced up, expecting to see, at the very least, a squadron of flying saucers. Hammer-toes Galenti, the referee and several thousand boxing fans also followed the direction of Dermot's gaze. But they saw nothing. There was nothing in all that sky but a small bird.

HAMMER-TOES looked at the rooted figure of Dermot and then cast an inquiring glance at the referee. The referee shrugged. Mr. Galenti pulled back his right hand and then threw the hardest punch of his career at Dermot's turned-up jaw. Dermot staggered backwards and pitched full length.

The crowd roared. The referee waved Hammer-toes back and began to count. Dermot rolled on to his tummy. His gumshield fell out. "Well, I'm blessed," he mumbled dreamily. "A red-necked phalarope. How extraordinary. . . ."

He opened his eyes and out of the haze swam Sally's face. With surprise, he noticed tears on her cheeks. . . .

"Four," called a stentorian voice.

Four? Four what? And why was he lying down? He began to get up.

"Higgy!" Sally cried from her ringside seat. "Higgy, darling, don't get up. He'll hit you again."

Darling, she had called him. Dermot stared at her wonderingly. Above him the referee continued counting.

"My name's not Higgins, Sally—it's Dermot O'Flaherty," he said. "And I'm not really a boxer, either. . . ."

"No, no, you're not," Sally cried wildly. "Stay down."

"*Eight* . . ." called the referee.

"Must get up," Dermot mumbled. "Two hundred pounds. Amazon." Clutching urgently at the ropes, he dragged himself upright. A burst of cheering thundered from the crowd. The referee waved to Hammer-toes Galenti to proceed.

Dermot was still wobbling as he ambled forward. *Darling*, she had said. There was a dazed, beatific grin on his features. . . .

To Mr. Galenti's way of thinking, Dermot looked a pushover. He went straight in to finish the demolition, and that was his undoing: he went, in fact, straight into one of Dermot's ponderous, powerful swings. The punch caught Hammer-toes under one ear and sent him whirling across the ring like a catherine-wheel. He ended in an unmoving heap on the canvas.

The crowd roared. Wearily, the referee began to count again. Dermot leaned down over the ropes.

"I love you, Sally," he said.

"I love you, too, Dermot," Sally said.

"Let's go to Inagua Island for our honeymoon."

"Why, Hig—Dermot, I mean, why Inagua?"

"It's the home of the flamingo," Dermot said. "Darling." THE END

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NEXT WEEK—TWO COMPLETE STORIES

Monte Carlo Fraud
A Riviera romp
by ROBERT STANDISH

THE WICKED ONE
Drama of the North-West Frontier
by NORAH BURKE

The journey to freedom is over. Joyce Pearce leads a party up the steps of the Ockenden home for refugee children

Born without country, without hope, Europe's forgotten babies find laughter at last in . . .

My happy family of lost children

by JOYCE PEARCE

The luckier children can be started off in new lives at Ockenden. But there are ten thousand others who linger on in the refugee camps

WHEN I first took on the job of being foster-mother to a large and growing family of foreign children, I never foresaw the scrapes I should get into. There was the day in 1951, for instance, when I took a party to see the Festival of Britain and suddenly found that a live wire of thirteen had vanished. When I inquired at the missing children bureau, the policeman in charge asked me his name. "Hercules," I said.

The policeman looked at me queerly. "Hercules what?" he demanded.

I ransacked my brain, but if I ever knew his other name I had now forgotten it. "I . . . I don't know," I stammered.

The policeman was clearly convinced that I was mad or worse. But he evidently thought I was the type that needed humouring. "Could you tell me something about him?" he said with exaggerated patience.

"He's Lithuanian," I said, "and he has a mop of black hair and a violin on which he plays the 'Perpetuum Mobile.' Maybe you heard him on *In Town Tonight?*" I could see by the look in the policeman's eye that all this was getting me nowhere. "Look," I said, "I'd better explain."

"That," said the policeman grimly, "would be a good idea."

So I told him how my friend Margaret Dixon and I had had the idea of giving a holiday to a party of children from the refugee camps in Germany. They were staying at Ockenden, my mother's fourteen-roomed house in Woking, and Margaret and I, both teachers, were looking after them in our holidays. The people of Woking had provided the necessary funds as part of their Festival effort.

This seemed to satisfy the policeman. "I'll do what I can," he said. I was not surprised that an appeal over the loudspeakers failed to produce Hercules because he did not understand English. But when we went out on a personal search, we quickly found him on the steps of the Dome of Discovery. He wasn't at all frightened. "What's all

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

The children often bring few belongings with them. Mrs. Woodard, one of the friends of Ockenden, supervises a fitting-out session

My happy family of lost children

continued from previous page

the fuss about?" he asked me in German.

Since then our efforts to rescue children from the squalor of the refugee camps have grown tremendously. We no longer take them merely for holidays. The Ockenden Venture, as we have come to be known, now provides a permanent home for more than a hundred boys and girls.

About forty girls live in our three houses in Woking. We have around forty boys at Donington Hall, near Derby, and ten children have already worked their way through to universities, technical colleges and nurses' training schools. A few more are apprenticed in various industries and live in private homes. Our committee, whose patrons include Viscount Astor, Chris Chataway and Richard Todd, hope ultimately to provide for two hundred children or more.

When the girls first come to Woking, they eat in Ockenden and sleep in one of the other houses. Voluntary teachers give them a grounding in English, and other subjects where necessary. Afterwards they go on to local State schools or to Greenfield, the private school which I own jointly with my cousin, Ruth Hicks.

Need for privacy

At first their new surroundings are strange to them. One small boy who had never seen a proper bath before took one look at ours and decided it was a swimming-pool. He refused to get in without his trunks. Several of them, obsessed with the need for privacy which was so hard to come by in the camps, stuffed up the lavatory key-holes with toilet-paper.

Recently a visitor gave me some money to buy a dress for a thirteen-year-old Latvian girl. After gazing at the windows of an expensive gown shop for some minutes, she chose a blue silk afternoon dress. We went inside to try it on. It fitted her perfectly.

As we were coming out of the shop, I was horrified to see that she was crying. "Don't you like it after all?" I asked.

"Oh yes," she sobbed, "it's beautiful. It's just that I've always dreamed of going into a shop to buy a dress and I've never before been able to."

At first I was uneasy about the reactions of outsiders when they discovered the background of the Ockenden children—particularly in the case of a Polish girl whom the generosity of a friend enabled to go to an expensive local private school.

One day she came home and told me that the children had been discussing the whereabouts of each other's parents. "And what did you say?" I asked, worried. She laughed. "I told them my parents were in Germany, and they said, 'It's all right for you having parents with nothing better to do than spend their time touring the Continent.' "

Since then Ockenden has become well known locally, and the real background of our children is fully understood.

The children's work is not confined to school. Before they leave in the morning and after they return at night, they do such routine chores as washing-up, cleaning out the bathroom and tidying their rooms. This is both an economy—we cannot afford a large staff—and useful domestic training for girls who have never lived in a proper home.

Coming from so many different backgrounds, the children have a variety of religions—Lutheran, Baptist, Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox. They go to the nearest equivalent church every Sunday and in one of the houses at Woking we have a devotional room blessed by representatives of several different churches.

Perhaps because of their background, some of the girls have a deep religious faith. One teen-aged Latvian prayed for her parents to be allowed into England. As the father was tubercular, it seemed very unlikely that her prayer would be answered. However, for some reason known only to themselves, the immigration authorities made an exception and the parents were admitted.

But now the girl had another worry. What would happen to her cat, Mimi, to which she was extremely devoted? Her parents had no money to keep it in quarantine for six months and it seemed inevitable that it would be left behind. "If I pray for Mimi to come too, do you think God will let her?" she asked me.

I pointed out that her father and mother had been allowed in against all expectations and that it was asking rather a lot of the Almighty for him to arrange for the cat as well. "I'll pray just the same," she said.

It happened that she was visiting her uncle next day. He had been in England some time and by chance she met his employer. It turned out that the employer was a great cat-lover and during the conversation the girl mentioned her trouble to him. "Don't worry," he said. "I'll pay for everything." So it seemed by a chance in a million the girl's prayers were answered a second time.

I sometimes think that the whole Ockenden venture has grown by our having the same sort of faith that something will turn up when we are truly in need. It might never have started at all if the courier who was to escort back the first batch of children who came on holiday in Festival year had not fallen ill. Margaret Dixon and I cancelled the holiday we had booked in Italy and took the courier's place.

The camps were even worse than we had imagined. Originally the inhabitants were mainly Poles, Latvians, Lithuanians and Estonians; many were survivors of wartime concentration and slave-labour camps. After the war they found that their own countries had fallen into Communist hands, and they did not wish to return.

The healthy ones emigrated—to the U.S.A., Canada, Australia, New Zealand and other countries. But nobody wanted the tens of thousands sick with tuberculosis and other diseases. With their children they were left behind, often in the very buildings that had once formed part of the slave-labour concentration camps. Ironically, they even had to pay rent for them. Jobless, they eked out a meagre existence on minute public assistance. They felt utterly without hope for the future.

Such were our thoughts when we came across Elizabeth and Janina, then aged seven and fifteen. Elizabeth had been born in a slave-labour camp. Their father, a qualified civil engineer, was in hospital with tuberculosis. Their mother, with whom they lived, had high blood pressure.

Even then, Janina's quick reactions marked her out as exceptionally intelligent. Elizabeth was very pretty. Since the war they had lived in seventeen different camps and had never been to school regularly. Their only book was a copy of *Alice In Wonderland*, in English, a language they did not understand.

Margaret and I quickly made up our minds to invite them to England, where they would obviously have a better chance in life. They were eager to come and the Guide International Service, which had made arrangements for our holiday visitors, said it would secure permits for the United Kingdom. There remained the mother. It was a heartbreaking decision for her to make, but for the children's sake she agreed. When we left, we promised that we would bring them back to see her at least once a year.

When they eventually came to Ockenden in April, 1952, the girls fitted easily into our daily routine. Every morning I drove them to Greenfield and there taught them in my free periods. When I had a class, other teachers helped them, or they worked by themselves in the school dining-room. Soon afterwards, we were able to "adopt" Sarmite and Maija, two Latvian sisters, and Dace, whose father had once been professor of music at Riga University.

Meanwhile, we had been wondering whether we could do anything for the other children in the camps. The only way seemed to be to acquire another house. When Dunblane, a former old people's home, fell vacant in the summer of 1954 I raised a mortgage on it and we prepared it as a home for fifteen more children.

To support them we formed the Ockenden Venture Committee and registered it as a charity. Canon Venables, of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, was our first chairman.

From various sources I collected names of twenty-five girls who would be likely to benefit from the opportunity to come to England, and Sue Ryder, whom I met originally as a member of the Guide International Service, offered to help me choose fifteen of these in a tour we made of the camps. Later Sue drove them over to England in batches of five and has continued to help by choosing and bringing more children to us.

When the first group came in May, 1955, we had only £50 in the charity's account, but we quickly discovered our drawing power when a single letter to a newspaper brought in £2,000.

But I was still worried about the boys in the camps. For them we had done nothing. As a start, I set up a scheme by which British industrial firms took boys as apprentices while they lived with nearby families. But I could help only a few in this way.

My chance to help more came when Major Gillies Shields offered me the use of Donington Hall, a fifty-roomed mansion in the Midlands which had just been derequisitioned. We now have forty boys there and shall soon have sixty to seventy under the care of a staff supervised by Bernard Faithfull-Davies, a veteran youth worker.

What we have done so far has only scratched the surface of the problem. There are still estimated to be 70,000 refugees in the German camps and another 200,000 who are not properly settled. Of these, around ten thousand are children. Dr. Auguste Lindt, the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, hopes to have all the camps closed by 1960. Meanwhile, he has asked us to take another seventy children from the camps he wants to clear by the end of 1959.

Money worries

As always, our main worry is money. In spite of the help we have received, we still have far from enough. It costs around £3 a week to keep each child in food and clothes and overheads cost another £1. At the moment, just over half the children have certain financial "foster-parents."

The true meaning of what we are doing was recently brought home to me when our original group of five girls asked to spend a weekend at Ockenden to celebrate my birthday. Two of them are university students, one is a builder's surveyor, one is at Woking Grammar School and the other is studying at a local ballet school.

We talked a lot and went up to London to see a show. The high spot of the weekend came when we drove out to the ballet school. A television camera team took shots of the ballet student dancing, watched by her sister, the builder's surveyor.

The shots were needed for a feature on Father Pire, the Belgian monk. Their mother had recently left the camp and had taken a flat in one of Father Pire's model villages for refugees. Out of her first earnings, the builder's surveyor was sending money to help her furnish it.

It meant that she had not only rebuilt her own life, she was also helping her mother to rebuild hers. With no country to call their own, these children are the first international citizens. Their loyalties know no frontiers and their future must be secured.

TH END

Poet in the Garden

Plants need food, and like a change of diet
As you and I do, and in sun and quiet
Through their green veins they turn it all to flowers.
Give nitrogen for leaf, then rain and showers
Will wash it deep (dried blood, nitrates and soot,
Ammonium sulphate). Phosphates are for root
(Basic slag, bone meal, and broken shell).
And to give better flowers and fruit as well
Choose the potassium group. And all manure,
Cow, horse or pig is rich and good and sure.
Dress lawns with sand, and cut them, keeping high
Your mower's blades, or moss will multiply.
Prune early-flowering shrubs, cutting away
Old wood, that's borne its blossoms. Dust or spray
Where mildew's tell-tale strains of fungus creep.
No rest, a gardener's enemies don't sleep!

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

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Has your budget kept its balance?

continued from page 9

1948; by 1953 it was up to 7d. and by 1956 to 7½d. Butter which was 1s. 6d. lb. in 1948 had doubled to 3s. by 1953, was 3s. 8d. in 1956, and recently fell to about 3s. 2d. The three large loaves of bread for which Mrs. Campbell now pays 2s. 9d. would have come to 1s. 1½d. in 1948. The half pound cheese now 1s. 6d. would have been 8d. then.

The newspaper which they read at breakfast was 1d. in 1948, 1½d. in 1953, 2d. in 1956. The gallon of petrol which is all Campbell needs to get him to work and run the week's errands was 1s. 11½d. in 1948, against 4s. 8d. now. The tobacco which now costs him about 10s. a week he could have had for 8s. 6d. ten years ago. The clothes he wears today would have cost little more than half today's price.

Fuel costs soar

In addition to this, the gas and electricity bills would have been a good deal lower. Electricity is twenty-six per cent more expensive now than it was in 1951, and the basic price of gas has increased by almost two-thirds.

Ten years ago the Campbells could have had the same sort of holiday at about half the present cost.

When baby Sharon was born last year, they had to buy a pram, a cot and a pushchair, which cost respectively £17, £8 and £4 each. Everything else they needed was given to them by friends and relatives. In 1948, a push-chair of the same type as Sharon's cost £2 17s. 6d., and the other items were proportionately cheaper.

A comparison of the rise in prices of the things which a working-class family such as the Campbells actually spends its money on shows that a man who was earning £6 10s. a week in 1948 should have been earning £8 8s. by 1953, £9 10s. by 1956 and £10 12s. a week now, simply to keep up with the increased prices. A man who was earning £8 12s. in 1948 would have required £11 6s. to spend his money in the same way in 1953, then £12 14s. by 1956 and £14 8s. by now.

If income tax, which the Ministry of Labour does not include in its cost-of-living calculations, were taken into account he would need even more. The man earning £8 12s. in 1948 would find that his tax had increased from £28 then to £48 on his present income.

Let's take another average British family in a higher income group. John Hayward and his wife live in a modern terrace house with three bedrooms and two reception rooms in North London. They have been married twelve years, and have two children, Cynthia, seven, and Stephen, four, and a spaniel, Linda, who is six. John Hayward is a chartered surveyor employed by the London County Council.

He earns £1,000 a year. He budgets strictly for every item of expenditure he is likely to meet, and has kept detailed household accounts throughout his marriage.

He is buying his house on a mortgage. This year he has paid £100 principal repayments, £50 interest. In addition to his mortgage—about £3 a week—he pays £43 8s. rates and £4 9s. 8d. water rate. Altogether his house costs him about £4 per week.

Hayward keeps his house in first-class condition, doing all his own decorating and repairs. This year he spent £10 19s. 7d. on materials. He budgets 30s. a month on this item.

His coal bill for the year was £17 19s. (two tons), gas bill (for cooking only) £12 9s. 7d., and electricity £33 6s. 7d.

His only insurance policy is a comprehensive one covering the house and furniture, and costs him £4 5s. a year. Other annual expenses include the dog licence, a trimming for the dog, television licence, staff association subscriptions £1 15s., Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors fees, eight guineas. The total of those annual expenditures is £15 18s. and he allows 6s. a week to cover them. He also pays £50 superannuation, deducted at work.

The Haywards take the following papers: *The Times, Radio Times, Observer, Woman, Woman's Own, Estates Gazette*, and the *Gramophone*. These come to 5s. 2½d. a week.

Both are fond of classical music, and regularly buy long-playing records. He budgets 5s. a week for this.

Hayward allows £3 5s. a month each for clothes for himself and his wife, which works out at £1 12s. 6d. a week. He recently paid £5 15s. 6d. for a pair of grey flannels, and £22 15s. for a suit. Mrs. Hayward buys all the children's clothes from Marks and Spencer, and most of her own. Cynthia's clothes cost £19 a year (7s. 6d. a week), and Stephen's £13 a year (5s. a week).

Last year the Haywards spent £22 10s. on presents and cards for friends and relatives, and he spent £16 16s. 10d. on his wife and children. He allows £2 10s. a month for presents.

Each year the Haywards go for a caravan holiday with the children. Last year they went to Swanage. The holiday cost £55 12s. 6d.

Every morning Hayward walks to the Tube station to travel to work. A quarterly season costs him £5 8s. He pays no bus fares. He never buys a meal out because he thinks the price of a decent meal is much too high. Instead, he takes a sandwich lunch.

Neither smokes

The telephone, which is used only for private calls, is budgeted for at £1 2s. 6d. a month.

The Haywards have nothing on hire purchase. They have completed furnishing their home, and expenses in this direction are confined to occasional replacements and renovations. Hayward puts aside £2 a month to cover these items.

Mrs. Hayward receives £5 a week from her husband. Out of this she buys food, soap powders, polishes and toilet things. Her food budget includes £1 a week for milk, 15s. for meat, 15s. for fruit and vegetables. Every year she makes thirty-two pounds of marmalade at a total cost of 18s. 6d., excluding the gas bill.

Neither of the Haywards smokes. They keep a supply of drink in the house for visitors. He budgets 10s. a week for it.

Hayward says that he has the money for a car but does not want one. If he owned one it would interfere with his hobby, which is gardening. He grows prize dahlias and chrysanthemums, and has won several silver cups and a fair amount of prize money with them. He also has an allotment on which he grows vegetables for the kitchen. He allows £25 a year for garden expenses.

Hayward says that he lives within his income, and in fact keeps very thorough control over his expenditure. He puts no money aside as savings. He counts the money put to buying the house as savings, and also his superannuation. He has no life insurances, but if he should die at work his wife would receive a payment equal to two years' salary.

He puts nothing aside for the education of his children, believing that State education is adequate, and that he should take advantage of the fact that we pay rates and taxes for it. He thinks that all forms of gambling are a waste of money.

Throughout his married life Hayward has been very conscious of the constant rises in prices in almost every direction. The grey flannels for which he recently paid £5 15s. 6d. cost £3 10s. in 1948, and £5 5s. in 1956. He paid 3s. to have his shoes heeled in 1948; this year he pays 4s. 9d. The interest on his mortgage has risen from three per cent in 1947 to five per cent now. Rates were £33 in 1948, against £36 13s. in 1956, and £43 8s. now.

HOBBIES—1

Hobbies should be wives but not mistresses. It will not do to have more than one at a time.

Bulwer-Lytton

The two tons of coal he bought would have cost £9 2s. in 1948, £12 4s. in 1953, £15 16s. in 1956.

The pork sausages which his wife now buys at 3s. 2d. a pound cost her 1s. 6d. in 1948, 2s. 7½d. in 1953, 2s. 10d. in 1956. Cod, which recently cost her 2s. 3d. a pound, was about 1s. 3½d. in 1948, and 1s. 10d. in 1956.

The rise in the cost of living of a family such as the Haywards, where a proportionately higher amount of money goes on things which have risen steeply in price—coal, telephone, mortgage, holidays—has been even greater than in the lower income group.

Statistics show that a man who spends his money in a similar fashion to Hayward, and who was earning £13 a week in 1948, should have been earning £17 12s. 6d. by 1953, £19 10s. by 1956 and £23 6s. now.

Like the man in the lower income group, he would have to earn more again to compensate for the increase in income tax.

A third family, although they were in a higher income group and ran a car, showed a slightly smaller increase in expenditure necessary to maintain their standard of living than was the case in the middle group. The chief reason for this was that rent was unusually low.

Bob McCulloch, a public relations executive who earns £1,500 a year, lives with his wife Patricia, son Nicholas, who is seven, and daughter Laurian, four, in a ground floor flat in an old house in North London. For two living-rooms, two bedrooms, kitchen, bath and garden, he pays only £2 9s. a week rent. His major expense is his car, which costs him £11 10s. a month in hire purchase repayments, and another £10 for garaging, insurance, petrol, oil and repairs.

The McCullochs spend a lot more on their holiday than the other families. They take two or three weeks a year. Last year, two weeks in Cornwall cost £90.

They also do some entertaining at home, usually one dinner a week for another couple. In addition to the extra food, they buy a bottle of table wine and six cans of beer for this. They also give two parties a year at a cost of about £5 each. Unlike the Campbells and the Haywards they have no television set, but they go to the local cinema once a week and sit in the best seats.

They both smoke. He spends about 30s. a week, and she spends about 15s., which comes out of her housekeeping—£7 5s. a week. Apart from food, the only other things she buys from housekeeping are nylons (fifty-two pairs a year), cosmetics and five gallons of paraffin. He spends 10s. every three weeks at a hairdresser's, and his wife spends 30s. every two months.

McCulloch spends about £2 5s. a week on lunches out. He pays £18 to £26 for suits, and £3 to £4 for shoes. Mrs. McCulloch spends £2 to £5 for shoes and summer frocks, and £5 to £9 for winter dresses. She buys, on average, three pairs of shoes and four dresses a year. Expenditure on children's clothes is small, because doting grandparents supply a lot of items.

The McCullochs spend more than £1 a month on magazines, which include *Country Life, Autocar, The Spectator, Ideal Home* and *Motor Sport*, and theirs is the only budget which allows for expenditure on books—about 5s. a month.

Calculations based on the family budget of the McCullochs show that over the past ten years the cost of maintaining this standard of living has increased by seventy-four per cent. In many homes in this income group the increase would be proportionately higher because there would be a bigger increase in expenditure on rent, or on house purchase.

Even in the lowest income group, the cost of living, when it is related to the actual way in which particular families spend their money, has risen slightly more than is shown by the government's Index of Retail Prices. This was one hundred in 1947, 108 in 1948, 141 in 1953, 158 in 1956 and 170 now. Bearing in mind the actual budgets studied here, the lower income group figure would now be 181, the middle income group 196 and the higher one 187, all against 108 in 1948.

On the other hand, for the man who does not smoke, drinks nothing but water, eats nothing but eggs, lives in a rent-free house, walks to work and does his reading in the barber's, the chances are that his cost of living will not have risen at all.

Except that haircuts have gone up by 150 per cent since 1948. THE END

DACHSIE

Keeping up appearances

How does your house look to the world? Happy or unloved? Here's how to put a new smile on its face during the summer

David puts a new coat of glossy yellow paint on our front door. Like many amateurs, he is doing something wrong. What is it? See over

HOUSES are rather like people. When they are new, their fresh, young, well-scrubbed faces need no adornment, and when they are old, they have the mellow charm of age. It is the middle-aged houses which need a little titivation, and as the greatest number of us live in middle-aged and rather undistinguished houses, the question of how to make them look their best is very near our hearts.

How you approach the problem of giving your house a face-lift depends partly on your surroundings. If you live in one house of an identical terrace, your house is going to look ridiculous if you pick it out from the others with a coat of canary-yellow whitewash, better to concentrate on the detail of doors and windows, and leave the façade to match the others.

Clever disguise

If your house is different in design from the ones next door, a colourwash will probably give it a new look of distinction, and may well disguise faults of fussy architecture, heavily carved window embrasures round poky windows, or bricks of an unpleasant colour.

If you live in a semi-detached house, have a conference with your neighbour before you start. If you do up your houses at the same time, it will make both houses look better. Choose the same colours if possible, with contrasting doors.

Don't neglect the front gate, and the garden wall if you have one. If these are untidy, they can spoil the appearance of a newly decorated house. And, very important, make sure that your brickwork, or stucco or cement rendering are in good condition before you begin. Now is the time for repointing, and patching up, or the work on decorations will be wasted.

Unless your house has a modern almost-all-glass façade, the largest area of its frontage is likely to be wall surface, either of stone, natural brick, or faced with stucco, cement, or pebble-dash. Stone houses almost always look charming, and because they are made of material which is natural to the area, they have an air of belonging in their surroundings which other houses rarely seem to achieve.

Bricks come in several colours. The mottled pinkish, and fiery red ones, much favoured by the Victorians, do little to improve a house's appearance. This sort of brickwork is much improved by a coat of white colour-wash, either all over, or at least the height of one storey, to break up the expanse of red. Cool black and white are the choice for the paintwork on this kind of brick.

The mustardy-yellow and grey-toned bricks, which were also often used in Victorian times, while they are not offensive in colour, still look rather drab. Try livening these up with gay paintwork on doors and windows, or repointing with white mortar. Colours which combine happily with grey bricks are: light cherry red, acid yellow or eau-de-nil. For yellow ones, pick pastel blues and greens.

Trellis can be very effective in brightening a dull brick façade. Fix big squares of ordinary garden trellis, painted white, to clips against the wall. This makes them easy to remove if you want to paint them. Clematis, wisteria, or a rambler rose growing up the side of a blank brick house, does much to soften its contours. Pebble-dash was used for many houses between and after the wars, and usually presents a dull, sand-coloured, porridgey surface which looks drenched with perpetual rain. White cement paint, or a sun-catching pastel colour, will improve both its colour and texture, and again, a few climbing plants will effectively break up its forbidding surface.

Smiling stucco

Stucco, which is found more often in towns than in the country, is the most obliging material of all. It can be, in fact must be, painted every few years, and looks lovely in white or a pale pastel colour which reflects every beam of sunlight and presents a smiling face to the world.

New this year are exterior quality plastic emulsion paints. The almost-matt smooth finish of these paints makes a change from rough-surfaced cement-based paints or shiny oil finishes. Exterior quality emulsion is highly resistant to the vagaries of the English weather. It is very long lasting and does not chip off. It attracts very little dirt, and what it does pick up is soon thrown off by the natural "chalking" process of the paint surface. Emulsion is as easy to apply to the exterior as it is to the interior and adheres well to any surface without needing any special primer. It dries quickly and can be recoated a few hours after the first coat.

A brightly coloured front door strikes a note of welcome, and even if you do nothing else to the front of your house, this will cheer it up. Another way to make the front door look more important, is to give it a small canopy or porch, painted in gay stripes, or a bright plain colour. This will serve the double purpose of keeping your head dry as you look for your door key on rainy days, and protecting the paint of the front door, in hot sun. Another sun-precaution for summer is to make a canvas door curtain of deckchair canvas, and hang it from a rail over the door. A row of these in a terraced street looks almost Mediterranean. You can further ornament your front entrance with a pair of trees in ornamental jars, or painted tubs, one on each side.

Windows are often a problem. Very often they are too small for the size of the house frontage, and in this case, a pair of shutters for each downstairs window, will improve their proportions. There are instructions for making these on page 27. Windows which are too wide for their height look better if you suspend a window box underneath them on two iron brackets, and fill it with trailing plants. It is a good plan to have the box slightly below the window, otherwise you will find that rain throws earth up against the window panes, making them impossible to keep clean.

At the back of the house

It's no good taking great pains over the front of the house if the back is left as naked brick covered with a maze of pipes. In many ways, the back is of more interest to most of us, as you can't sit in the garden without looking at it. If there are too many pipes, they can be camouflaged by painting them in the same colour as the house, or by setting up a trellis, a few inches away from the wall with creepers on it which conceal them. It is important to make this removable in case the pipes ever need attention.

The lower part of the walls, and any high dividing wall between your garden and the one next door, can be given a coat of white cement paint. For variety, you can embed small pieces of mosaic tile—the glittering glass ones are the most effective—or nail up iron rings to hold pot plants and trailing ivies, as you see in the picture. Put up a trellis screen to hide dustbins and coal bunkers and paint any doors which lead to the garden in a bright colour.

A nondescript terrace of houses, some alike, some different, is made to look twice as attractive when each house is decorated outside in an individual and attractive way. Striped sun canopies, flowery trellises, trailing window boxes, painted shutters and pastel colourwashes give these houses a fresh look. If you have a panelled front door you can paint it harlequin-wise in two or more colours, like the one on the left. Look for an unusual lamp for your door

Decorating tips

● Stand your paint or varnish tin in a bucket of hot water when painting outside in cold weather. This will keep the paint liquid, and make it easier to put on.

● Strip down outside woodwork completely and prime before repainting. Don't neglect the underside of window-sills. Water collects here and rots the sill unless it is adequately protected by paint.

● For exterior varnishing, mix your first coat 50/50 varnish and thinning agent. Your second coat should be 75 per cent varnish, and the final coat 100 per cent varnish. This treatment (with any number of intermediate coats) will give you a rock-hard, nearly indestructible finish.

● Clean out your gutters while you're on the job and remove any rust. Paint patches with anti-rust primer, and repaint the gutters with bituminous paint, which will discourage further rust.

● When painting windows, use a piece of tin as a shield to make a neat job of the glazing bars. Or buy a "George" paint shield, price 2s. 6d.

● Don't use ordinary paint on asbestos cement sheeting such as is used for garages. This should be painted with a chlorinated rubber-based paint, or with external quality plastic emulsion paint for a satisfactory result.

● Damp the ground round you while you work. This will discourage dust from flying on to your work.

● Don't mix up too much cement paint at a time. This has to be applied quickly, so it is best to mix it up little and often.

● For safety's sake apply a coat of glue to the rungs of your painting ladder. While still wet cover with sand and leave to dry. This makes an excellent non-slip surface.

● Choose the middle of a warm spell to paint, to make sure that the structure is thoroughly dried out.

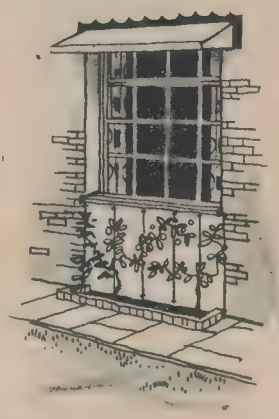
● Stop work in time to allow your last coat to dry before nightfall. After dark the drying process slows down.

● Take the opportunity while you are on a high ladder to scrape off any moss which is growing on your roof tiles.

● Check weather forecast before beginning to paint, in case the rain catches you out.

Make the back look pretty, too

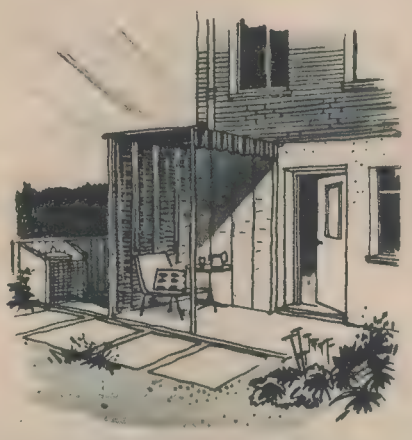
A small window on to the garden becomes a simulated french window when a climbing plant is trained up wires which correspond with the panes in the window. Choose an evergreen plant with brightly-coloured berries. A simple wooden canopy above the window keeps too-hot sun out of the house on sultry summer days



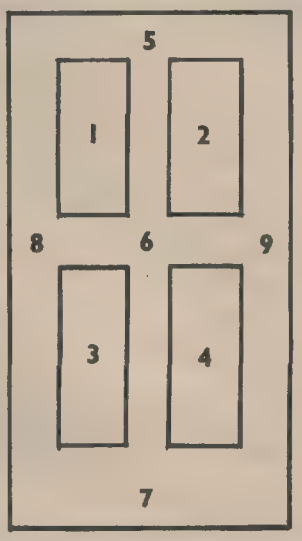
The garden side of the house is often neglected. But you can easily make it into a pleasant place to sit. For a start, colourwash the walls at the back of the house, to make a better background for plants, and lay a small paved area

A large trellis set away from the wall conceals the drain pipes. Make this removable, in case you want to get at the pipes. Pot plants suspended in iron rings brighten a blank wall

Paving stones make a clean sitting-out area. You can get these from local councils when they take up pavements. Ceramic tiles look pretty cemented on to a whitewashed wall



This shady loggia can be made of wattle fencing, with a waterproof canvas roof. The wattle will hide pipes on the wall, and give you more privacy from neighbouring gardens



David's mistake. In painting the framework of the door first, David is wrong, and may smudge his new paint. A panelled door should be painted in this order

ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. Please send a rough drawing or diagram if this will help to make your problem clear

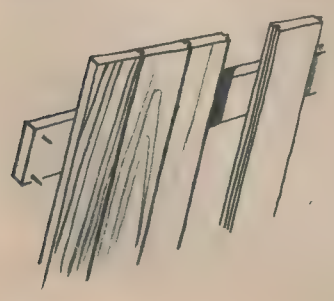
Open Shutters

Painted shutters will make your windows look more important. Make them at home

These "Peasant-decorated" shutters would be at their best on the windows of a village cottage. When making them use tongued and grooved boards and paint them a plain shade. Then you can invent an attractive but simple design to paint on them in bright colours. Repeat this exactly on each shutter by using a stencil or detailed tracing

Below: Traditional louvred shutters would be more tricky to make up at home—better to have them made. These look best on a town house, most striking in shiny black against a white wall, and shield windows from a hot sun

Below: How-to-make it diagram: make the body of the shutter of $\frac{7}{8}$-in. tongued and grooved boarding. Screw 4 in. x $\frac{7}{8}$ in. battens top and bottom, 3 in. from the edges of the shutters. Screw the hinges to the battens and the wall



Plain wooden shutters can be decorated with cut-outs in various patterns. You can do these with a key-hole saw. Hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades all look effective, and so do groups of differently shaped cut-outs

Plain shutters with a difference: cut alternate boards different lengths, and fix them together like this. Paint in bright broad stripes. As a variation, cut all the boards the same length, but round the ends to make scallops

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Earthshaker

continued from page 12

weak Lobengula who had said, "Do not touch an English skin," to the *impi* as it left the kraal.

Mgandaan felt the pouring sweat of fury leap from his armpits, his neck thicken with an anger too terrible to bear. He whirled to face the wide-spaced line of rushing horses. The spear in his hand had drunk from a hundred throats, it would drink again: there, there at the end of the rank, approached the next man whose jugular would ease his spear's thirst. It was the red-shirted *impfene* who wanted to take guns to Lobengula; the king did not need more guns, but more men of spirit.

He would begin with this one, then go on to kill them all. Ducking his head, he ran at full speed along an oblique path towards the line of Englishmen. He felt the wind snatch at his tall bonnet of black feathers and flatten it out behind; his kilt spread back from his pumping thighs, and the bullets that would never touch him whispered above as he ran.

The man in the red shirt lifted a gun from his lap where it had lain cross-wise and unnoticed. The captain Mgandaan looked into the muzzle. He had no chance to swerve or to think. There was a shattering noise and his head seemed to burst into white-hot flames. Then he was lying stretched flat on his back in the dry veld grass.

Lendy's men galloped on, pursuing the Matabele raiders. Of the fourteen corpses which Decker counted as he rode slowly back to the koppie where Maria waited, only Mgandaan and one other had not been shot in the back. It had been necessary, he supposed. They had fired on the English.

Decker and Maria parted company with Lendy and his men. They camped that night among a clutter of koppies by the Shashi River. Decker took the horses to water, then fed them with mealies as Maria prepared supper.

"Tomorrow we'll swop these evening jobs," he said, spooning in beans. "I'm not a bad cook. My God, what's that noise?"

"Hyena."

He unbuttoned his coat. She was a woman, she could be wrong; it had sounded like somebody dying out there. He pushed back the skirts of the coat to expose the single-action Colt .44 slung high on the left hip in position for a cross draw. Its holster was partially covered with a piece of leathery substance from which dangled a clump of lank, black hair.

Maria said, "What is that horrid-looking hair?"

"Apache scalp," said Gabe indifferently, filling his mouth with beans. She shuddered, and didn't ask anything more. After a time she said, "We'll have to stand watch and watch, to keep the fire up."

"Unnecessary. I kind of sleep wide-awake when it's needed."

"Doesn't that fatigue you?"

"Used me up when I was learnin' it, but I'm an old hand now."

"Well, if you want to do it," she said doubtfully. She finished her supper, scrubbed her plate and rolled into her blanket. "Good night, then. We'll start at dawn."

Decker cleaned his plate, rolled up in his blanket and went to sleep with one arm out in the biting air, fingers ready and light on the Winchester.

EACH day that passed brought them thirty miles nearer Bulawayo. Gabe began to look at Maria occasionally with a tenderly lascivious eye. If only she hadn't been married; or, barring that, if she didn't talk so much about her husband. . . .

Cuss the dumb complication! He was falling in love.

It was Sunday afternoon, and still quite early, when they approached the great plain that lay below and to the east of the kraal of Bulawayo. They crested a dome of ground and halted.

Through the clumps of thick bush on the slope, past spinneys of small trees, a gigantic yellow horse rocketed towards them. "It's my husband," said Maria, astonished.

The rider pulled the great horse to a sliding stop in front of Decker, who did not move. He looked down at the American for a moment without speaking. Then he shifted his gaze to Maria. "*Hartjie,*" he said, "*my beminlikste eggenote.*" He jumped from his saddle and came forward, hands out to lift her down and embrace her. "*Is jou heeltemal vris?*" he asked tenderly, and kissed her.

"I'm well, Ernst, quite well." Why was he talking in the *taal*? "This is Mr. Decker," she said. "He was riding to Bulawayo, and we came together for protection."

"'N Brit?" said Ernst.

Resolutely she spoke in English. "No, he's from America. Mr. Decker, this is my husband, Ernst Prinsloo."

"*Dag,*" said Ernst without glancing at Decker. It was the briefest possible greeting.

"How did you know we were coming?" Maria asked.

"They told me that you were riding this way," Ernst said, still using the Boer tongue, "and I saddled Geel and rode as fast as I could, knowing I would meet you about here. Come, little heart, I want to speak with you, away from this man."

"He doesn't understand the *taal*," she said. "So long as you've been uncivil already, you may as well tell me whatever it is here."

"*Nee, nee,* it is too personal."

"*Wat wil jy hê?*" she said. "Oh, *goed, goed, soheentoe.* Mr. Decker, will you excuse us for a minute?"

"Sure," he said, "I'll have a cigar and enjoy the scenery. Say, you never mentioned that your old man didn't savvy English."

Maria was so mortified by Ernst's behaviour that she could not tell Decker the truth. She walked stiffly with Ernst over the crest of the koppie to a copse of small trees.

"Damn it, Ernst," she said in her own language, which he knew, of course, nearly as well as she, "what are you about? You've shamed me before him."

"Later," he said, "later. I will not have my earliest breaths with you intruded on by a stranger."

Then, as his lips felt their way across her cheek towards her mouth, Maria realized that he was beginning to make love to her. . . .

DECKER had finished about half his cigar when he saw the big yellow-headed galoot coming back alone. *He's sure built high above his corns,* said Decker to himself.

"Good afternoon, sir," said the Boer. "I must apologize——"

"Not to me," said Decker shortly.

"No, I am very sorry I cut you, really; I had not seen my wife for some months and I was ecstatic with joy. I forgot all my English; truly."

Anybody knows a word like ecstatic, he doesn't forget all his English if hell pops. You tell a poor lie, thought Decker contemptuously, and said, "I can understand that; you got a fine woman there."

Maria was returning, significantly dishevelled. The thick black braid of her hair had come loose but she hadn't noticed it, which was a bad sign. . . .

They came down to the plain of Bulawayo. Decker's spirits took a sudden droop. Was this where all that boasted treasure was laid up? He had seen Walapai Indian camps that made this area look sick.

Straight before him across the plain was a bulge of ground, crowned by a huge stockade that measured half a mile from one side to the other and enclosed more huts than he could readily count. Halfway between Decker and this stockade lay three clusters of rude little shanties, looking as if they had been abandoned to rot at least a century ago.

Maria Prinsloo spoke to him for the first time since Ernst had joined them. "See that set of huts with the barricade around them, Mr. Decker?" He wouldn't have called it a barricade, it couldn't have stopped a charging mouse. He nodded. "That's our place. The second group is Dawson's store, and the third belongs to a couple of traders, Boyle and Renny-Tailyour."

Ernst, on the other side of Maria, astride his colossal buckskin, that must have towered more than seventeen hands high, glared down at each of them in turn. "You haven't told me why Mr. Decker is here, darling," he said in a honeyed voice. "You are going to fix a meeting with the king for him?"

"Yes, I am, if we don't leave at once. I owe him that. He was invaluable to me on the journey."

Prinsloo bowed to Decker. "Thank you, sir, for whatever services you rendered my wife. I am most grateful." He was the civil, charming gentleman through and through; but a fox, too, is all courtesy and all craft.

"Neither of you owe me a red cent," Decker said. "I'd appreciate an introduction to Lobengula, though."

Leaving them, he picked a spot on the cheerless flat for his camp. He dumped his saddlebags on the ground, left Deadhead to guard them, and went cantering off to the north to gather thornbush.

For two days Decker waited in a thornbush ring while nothing happened. By the second afternoon he had nearly reached the point of heading for Bulawayo without permission when a long column of native warriors appeared, marching across the plain on the road Decker had come. Manyao was at the head.

Decker went out to them. "*Sakubona,* Manyao," he said, and the old induna smiled and halted, so that the whole column was forced to stop abruptly in its tracks.

"I see you, white man," replied Manyao.

"I have come to speak to Lobengula of my guns," said Decker. "But two days have passed and I have not seen him yet. The time is short, Manyao, and there are other kings in the south who will buy my guns if Lobengula won't."

"Khama?" said Manyao, frowning.

"*Yebo,* King Khama. He wouldn't make me wait." Decker pointed his finger in the old man's face. "I will wait until tomorrow, what the hell, d'you call it, *kusasa*; and if Lobengula doesn't see me then, I'll take my guns and go to Khama's country. You tell him that."

Manyao wiped a hand across his forehead. "*Kanguela,*" he said at last. "Lobengula is see you *kusasa.* What you is called?"

"Decker," said Gabe, well pleased.

"Dakwa?" Manyao grinned. "Is Dakwa?"

"Well, that's close," said Gabe, nodding. He flipped the induna a salute, and as he moved off he heard the captains saying *Dakwa, Dakwa,* and chuckling.

It was not till some time afterwards that he learned the meaning of his name. "To Be Drunk" wasn't such a bad thing to be called.

The induna Manyao walked as briskly and proudly as he could past the palisade of great tree trunks that surrounded the kraal of Bulawayo. Manyao was anxious over what impended. Death came very easily in Bulawayo, for slighter failures and defeats than he had suffered when Mgandaan rebelled against his authority. He had been busy all the way, concocting a lie for Lobengula.

Now he had come to the second tall rampart of wooden stakes, which surrounded the regal court. He was about to halt at the entrance, but was motioned in by two witch doctors.

At once he saw the king, sitting in the imperial goat kraal. He was staring intently into a tin pannikin. He did not look up.

"Lion of Lions!" Manyao cried. "Kingly Black Calf and Son of the Pathway of Blood!" Still Lobengula did not move. "Assegai from the Heavens!" shouted Manyao uncertainly. It occurred to him that he might not even be allowed to tell his lie.

"*Bayete,*" he said, unable to keep the quiver from his voice. "*Bayete,* Lord of Thunder, Great Black Earthshaker——"

LOBENGULA said softly: "I was preparing medicine. It was a spell to bring rain, cascades of water to flood all the country between here and the Umzingwane River. See," he said, tapping the pannikin which he held against his prodigious bosom, "see the gall and the blood of a black ox. The ox I killed myself. . . . Is there more powerful magic?" He glanced at Manyao. "You may speak, dog."

"The king knows there is no better rain-medicine," stammered the induna.

"Why did I desire rain to the east?" murmured Lobengula.

"To drown the enemies who might pursue the servants of the sovereign Black Elephant," suggested Manyao.

"No, dog, to swamp you." Cold eyes were on Manyao's face now, glittering eyes with death in them. "You, the fool who attacked white men when I had so often forbidden it."

"King, Kumalo, son of Mziligkazi, if I have not been faithful you must kill me now," said Manyao, and added

HOBBIES—2

Get a hobby; preferably get two, one for indoors and one for out.

A. Edward Newton

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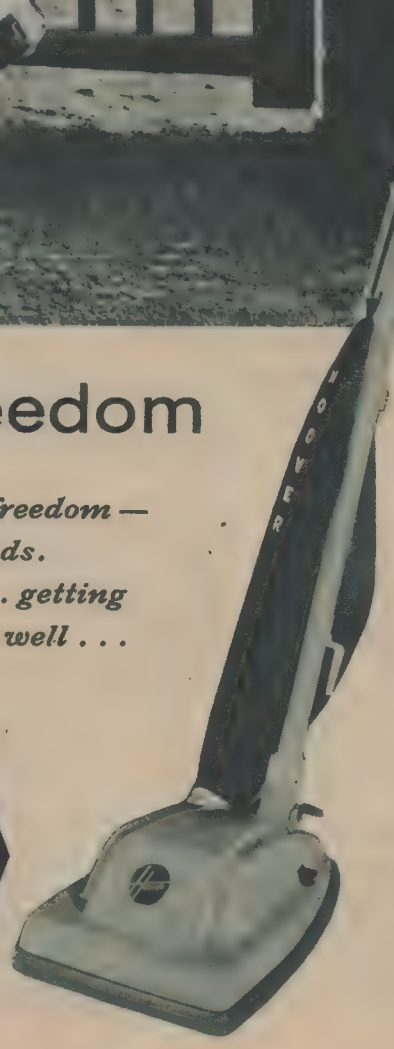

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"I'm sure they'll expect a cup"

Earthshaker

continued from page 28

hurriedly, "yet not before I have told my tale."

"Your tale; *Ehe*, a tale may be a story of things that happened in the past or that did not happen. It may be a lie. But tell me your 'tale,' Manyao," said the king.

"*Inkosi*, we went into the land of the Mashona, where we carried out your orders: which were——"

"I am aware of my orders, Manyao," said the king smoothly. "I have not asked you about them. I have asked for your 'tale.'"

"Wondrous Black Bull with Many Calves, I will continue. When we had been there some eight or nine days, Dakatela came from the north."

"Of this, too, I have knowledge."

"I met Dakatela in their town, which is called after the white queen across the waters," said Manyao, his teeth chattering, "and when he had said that I must bring my *impi* home, I thought of those orders you had given, and I marched away from their town. Still the captain Mgandaan and some of his hot-blooded young men remained near by, for there were Mashona rebels who had not yet been dealt with.

"And Dakatela called Mgandaan and his men in to a parley, first making them give up their assegais and rifles. Hearing of this, I sent back a spy to watch. As Mgandaan's force entered the open place in their town, Dakatela waved his hand and many bullets rushed out of hiding, so that Mgandaan was slain, with thirty of his troops."

THE warriors and witch doctors who were squatting in the goat kraal burst into howls of anger and surprise.

"My spy returned to tell me of this deceit of Dakatela," said Manyao, a little more at ease. He had estimated the effect of this lie very nicely after all. "Then I myself stole back while my *impi* marched towards Bulawayo, and saw that Dakatela's slaves were dragging many corpses from the town by the feet, even Mgandaan, the king's captain. And I saw that they left them lying on the veld to decay."

The cries broke out around them again. Manyao and Lobengula stared at each other. Manyao knew Lobengula probably regarded it all as untrue, but the warriors and sorcerers who had heard it were inflamed, and Lobengula must pretend to believe it so that his whip hand over the Matabele would not falter.

Lobengula bent his neck and contemplated the pannikin he held against his chest. "*Loku kupela sizi,*" he said. "This is of no use now. I am glad that the news of your coming was delayed, and thus made the sorcery too late, for only that saved you, my faithful induna, from dying in the rain."

He tilted the pannikin so that Manyao could glimpse the liquid in it. "Now leave me," said Lobengula, "while I prepare for what I must do."

"One more thing, Saintly Elephant," Manyao said. "On the plain below is a white man called Dakwa."

"Let us go and kill him," shrieked a captain, bounding a yard in the air.

"No, not this one. He comes to talk to the king of guns, new guns."

"I will see him in the morning. Bring him yourself, old friend," said Lobengula. "Now find a hut and rest."

Manyao bowed and backed out of the goat kraal. He was dizzy with relief.

The king, were he so minded, could revenge himself for Manyao's lie. It would be simple to have the induna accused of sorcery and murdered: a week from now, a month, even a year. The king had patience and did not

HOBBIES—3

All the people in the world who are dull in their conversation and hateful to look at in their faces are those who have no hobbies.

Yüan Chunglang

forget an affront. That was one reason he was a great king. One who lacked cruelty and patience could not rule.

Yet he would not have Manyao smelled-out and clubbed to death, though he knew that the "tale" was untrue; for by making the English even more villainous in the eyes of his warriors, that untrue story had been of help to him.

Manyao knew Lobengula had trusted him to tell a good lie, to save himself and aid his king too. He had never intended to drown Manyao at all. The magic had been for the benefit of the fools around him. He had shown Manyao this when he tipped the pannikin towards him.

Blood and gall of a black ox!

Manyao laughed within himself. The vessel had contained nothing more than the dregs of beer. . . .

Gabe Decker rode towards the kraal at a decorous walk, Manyao clinging to his stirrup strap. At the inner stockade Decker handed his reins to a sentry and followed his guide afoot.

The close had a horrible deathly stench in it. There was no reason to believe that a wind had ever blown through these premises. Several refuse piles, humming with giant black flies, were redolent of garbage long past its prime, and the ordure of chickens, dogs, cattle and children.

"It's a little unwholesome," Decker said, "I wouldn't be surprised if it was really a little unwholesome."

"*Yebo,*" said Manyao, who seemed nervous. "Is go to king now this way, Dakwa." He bent his knees and began to shuffle sideways towards a pair of trek wagons, signing Decker to follow.

The waxed canvas curtains were pulled aside. A man who could be no less than the king stood there in the shade of the wagon, watching them.

"Hell!" said Decker under his breath.

LOBENGULA was the biggest man he had ever seen. The lord of the Matabele quaked into motion. He lifted a fat leg and pushed it over the seat of the wagon, brought the other one up beside it, somehow managing not to collide with anything, and pitched back on the wide bench. All Decker could think of was how amazingly tough the wood must be.

"*Ngiya kubona,*" said the obese gentleman above him.

The first audience had commenced.

Afterwards, Gabe Decker could remember almost everything that had been said between them. Most of it had been filtered through Manyao; but the personality of the king was so compelling that Gabe always recalled it in plain English, and not in the induna's curious rendering.

"You have come here to talk of new guns," said the king, staring down at him.

"That's right." Then Gabe launched into the speech about the guns he carried being samples of those manufactured in his homeland, and how he could send there for a hundred or a thousand or fifty thousand.

"You lie," said the king laconically. "All white men are suckled by the juice of falsehood and weaned on the pap of treachery."

"I have nothing to gain by lying," said Decker, slowly so that Manyao could catch the sense of this and translate it. "I ask the Black Bull for nothing before I have given him what I promise."

Lobengula looked at Decker again. "You are English."

"No, from America," said Decker.

"But you speak the language of the English."

"Many years ago my country fought a war with England, and later another; and since then we have not been English, although we still use their language."

"You fought the English?" Now both Kaffirs were staring at him, patently rapt. "I had not heard of it," said the king.

"It happened before your grandfather was born, Earthshaker."

"How do I know that your people do not play false too? You are of white skin," said Lobengula dubiously. "Why should I believe you have guns to send me?"

"If you want my guns, I will send a message for them, and wait in Bulawayo until they come. You will not pay me for them until they are in this kraal," said Gabe firmly. "Let the Black Bull call his best marksmen, and let them use the finest guns in the kraal; and I will prove that my guns are much better than any in this whole country."

"Will you shoot at targets, in the way of the English, or at my warriors?" asked Lobengula.

DECKER shook his head. "In my home, we sometimes shoot at *inkuku* to prove whose gun is best. I don't want to kill your soldiers."

"Fowls," repeated Lobengula. "Yes, a good test. We will do it. Then we will speak of your guns and of mine." He lifted his voice and called out a few quick words.

For some space Decker had been aware of a low buzz of talk seeping into the courtyard through fissures in the stockade; he had seen no one. Now the entrance spewed a horde of men and

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Earthshaker

continued from previous page

women into the imperial enclosure. Lobengula struggled to his feet and toiled into the wagon.

Instantly five or six of the slaves dashed to the rear of the tented rig and waited there. Soon there was a sound of scrambling and confusion behind the wagon; His Majesty was being helped to the earth. Then he came marching into view with a far less cumbersome gait than the American had expected. The gang flooded after him in one grand solid crush. The exit from the outside door, without any blood spilled or splinters collected, Gabe considered a small miracle.

When he and the old induna had elbowed and cursed their way to Lobengula's side, the king was already sitting on the rawhide-thonged seat of a crude, thick-legged chair which had been brought from the kraal for him.

"Let it begin," he said to Manyao, "let it begin now."

Two chickens, about the size of bantams, were carried out of the mob and tied to stakes. A tall Matabele, made taller by his war-plumes, stepped forward, a rifle cradled to his chest.

Decker indicated that the soldier should try first. "No," said Lobengula gently, "let Dakwa, the white man, shoot."

Gabe shrugged. He laid one gun across his feet, lifted his .45-70 Winchester, aimed for the hackle of the left-hand chicken, and knocked off its head.

A sigh rose from the people behind Lobengula.

Decker's rival snarled something uncomplimentary and prepared to take his turn. Decker was encouraged by

HOBBIES—4

No man is really happy or safe without a hobby, and it makes precious little difference what it is.

Sir William Osler

the way the rifle, a nine-pound Martini-Henry like his own, was handled. The warrior first raised the sights to their limit. Then he seized the barrel with his left hand, clutched the stock tight against his shoulder, grasped the trigger guard and lever in tense fingers, and finally shut his eyes. Then he snapped open his eyes, glared at the fowl, and pulled the trigger.

Decker did not need to look; the creature was still uttering its pitiful cries. Twice more the Matabele marksman attempted to hit it, and only managed to frighten it into a great panic. Then Decker turned to Manyao and the king. "Old guns," he said.

Lobengula pointed to the Martini-Henry that lay across Gabe's feet. "Use it," he murmured. The American exchanged his Winchester for it, threw down on the bantam and blew it in half.

Ha! Au! Ha! The audience paid their tribute involuntarily. But Lobengula smiled slightly and called for another pair of birds.

The king said: "Now you take his rifle, and my warrior will take yours." He drank beer. "That is a test," he remarked with complacence, "that is truly a test. Dakwa, you will fire first, and the last hen, being the most agitated by reason of the blood of its sisters, will be shot—or perhaps not be shot—by *your* gun in the hands of *my* man. Tell me," he said to Decker, "if that is not the conclusive test?"

"*Yebo, yebo, inkosi,*" said Gabe with hollow enthusiasm; and prepared to be laughed at, to be banished in disgrace, or maybe to die right there in his boots. He traded his Martini-Henry for the tall soldier's, lowered the sights to the proper level, put a shell in the chamber, took careful aim at a chicken, shifted the gun ever so slightly to one side and discharged it. Twice more he fired to miss in the same way.

Then it was the warrior's turn. He drew a bead on his target and pulled the trigger and—"Sure enough," muttered Gabe mournfully—threw a clod of dirt in the air some scores of feet beyond the hens.

Still he was not done. He loaded again, grinned at Decker with superiority and friendliness in about equal parts, and hugged the rifle in his own adhesive style. Decker shuddered. He could not look, even after the warrior had fired and the squawking renewed.

His opponent lowered the gun and turned to him, shouting something he could not understand because suddenly the whole mob was roaring behind them. Decker looked at the bantams. Only one was flapping crazily; the other had been parted in the centre.

The tall soldier said: "This man has a good gun. It is better than my old one."

LOBENGULA pursed his lips. "If I say that your people may send me many such guns, what will you want in return? Land? You cannot have it. Leave to dig for gold? I gave M'lodzi that, and now his men are like flies to the west there."

"I'm not Rhodes, I have no wish for land or gold rights."

"Then will you ask for ostrich plumes, for ivory?"

"I am a salesman, not a trader," said Decker abruptly. "I sell my guns for money."

Manyao, however he strained, could not translate the word "money." Decker fished through his pockets and found his old brass lucky piece.

"This," said he, hiding the hole with his thumb. "I know that Rhodes has sent you many pieces of metal like this, and they will buy my guns. What better use could the king have for them than to pay for many guns? Will the king give money for my guns?"

Lobengula thought for a moment. "Yes, but not before they are in this kraal." Gabe agreed. There followed some haggling over prices; Gabe allowed himself to be beaten down a little, though not too much.

"How will you send for them? By the magic wires?" asked the king, and Gabe nodded. Then Lobengula, terminating the business abruptly, said: "Bring the white man's horse."

Decker gathered his weapons, said the words of farewell; and rode down the hill, trembling with excitement.

He'd hooked Lobengula. And he knew for certain that the treasure was here, not only in Rhodes's sovereigns, but in gold, diamonds, and ivory. He'd bet anybody that when he eventually lit out, he'd have enough loot in his saddlebags to make him independent for the rest of his days.

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NEXT WEEK: Decker faces a brutal death—by witchcraft

"I said, 'It keeps him quiet for hours on end'"

"No more for me, thank you—I'm being driven home"

Can we stay young longer?

continued from page 17

diseases. As we age we become less immune to infection; a doctor in the United States lately announced that "more grandmothers die of whooping cough than do children."

As little understood as the antibodies, and certainly as important, are our glands, the endocrine system which manipulates the chemical balance sheet of our bodies. These become less efficient and are subject to atrophy as we grow older, and we grow older much earlier than we think. In females the sexual equipment starts to age at about thirteeen; in males at eighteen; hardly adolescent, the curve of the controlling glands is already dipping.

Arteries thicken

As with the endocrines, so with the circulatory system. The inner walls of our arteries thicken and silt up, and this degeneration of the blood vessels brings on what are perhaps our two best known modern complaints—hypertension (high blood pressure) and arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries).

The downward curve of mental powers, happily, is fairly gradual. While, mentally, a man is at his best at about twenty-two, his loss of brain power thereafter is largely imperceptible—except to his critics. At the age of eighty a man has reverted, so far as the power to learn and assimilate goes, to the age of eleven. This is not the "second childhood" we attribute to great age; by that phrase we mean the ultimate symptoms of senile decay—the mental aberrations, the physical inability to do things for himself, the erasure of memory and the loss of the perceptions of time and place.

For the gerontologist the drama of ageing, which is the drama of life, is set in three acts. The first act is that of growth, taking the individual organism from conception to about twenty years, by which time the radical physical changes have taken place and the body is irretrievably committed to live with and by its nature. It is at this period, the first twenty years, that the body has aged most rapidly.

The second act, lasting from twenty to forty, is the period of maturation. Just as a good second act in a theatrical play develops the characters, plot and tensions presented in the first, so the body in this middle period exploits, for better or for worse, the biological data accumulated in its first twenty years.

From forty to seventy is the third act, that of senescence, when, however much we might talk about our "prime," deterioration hastens and the curve is on decline.

Three acts—but also the epilogue, which is the senile running down, when the body is long past the reach of gerontology.

This picture of the biological change through the life span in the human organism has been known to medical science with exactitude for some time. What puzzles biologists, and gerontologists in particular, is that from the evidence of other mammals man's life span is some fifty years too short.

Man reaches puberty at about twelve or thirteen and is fully adult at about twenty-five. Other mammals generally live up to a span of six times their age of adulthood and twelve times that of their puberty. A horse, adult at three or four, lives to over twenty. A dog's fourteen years is roughly six times his adult age of two and a half or three. Cats, pigs and most cattle follow the same rule.

On this count the span of human life should be round about 140 years. In fact, despite the overwhelming advance of knowledge and environmental control, and the progress of three thousand years, it still remains the Biblical three score years and ten.

This is all the more puzzling when it is remembered that in the past fifty or more years we have made hardly any advance whatever. Care about statistics is necessary here. While it is true that the expectation of life in the United Kingdom has risen from an average of forty-six in the 1890s to sixty-nine in 1958, the chances of continuing survival for those who reach these figures has scarcely changed in the last half century.

A man of sixty in the U.K. in 1900 could be credited with another thirteen and a half years of life.

Fewer babies die

Today the corresponding figure is only three years more—sixteen and a half. That is to say—and this is the crucial gerontological problem — our modern techniques and additional medical and social advances, though they have succeeded by the mastery of the "killer" diseases, and especially by the radical reduction of the infant mortality figures, in keeping us alive until we are old, have singularly failed to make any significant impression on senescence itself.

We are still whittled away as perniciously and as surely as when Queen Victoria was on the throne. We still lose our sight, still silt up our arteries, still dehydrate our tissues and generally continue to deteriorate in the old, familiar and mortal way. What medicine has achieved is the elimination of a number of the *causes* of death—tuberculosis, diphtheria, smallpox, cholera, sepsis, puerperal fever.

These are considerable triumphs, but their effect is simply to make more of us live longer. What medicine has not done is to make us live longer while staying younger, more usefully and more enjoyably.

This, the proposition that the basic biological problem of ageing was unsolved, has, manifestly, been realized for years. Many scientists, before gerontology became a serious and organized study, have made celebrated attempts to solve it.

They have been of all nations and have attacked the problem from widely differing angles—Voronoff, Bogomoletz, Steinach, the British Brown-Sequard are among the best known.

Some of these experiments were sensational; some dubious and even dangerous; a few were thought at the time to be suggestive. All of them were failures.

It is only in the last fifteen or twenty years, when modern gerontology took over from the inspired individual researcher, that some real grounds for hoping that ageing might be slowed up became apparent.

For hope there is.

NEXT WEEK: The "magic" recipes for longer life

HOW GOOD ARE YOU AT MAKING FRIENDS?

See page 15

Remember that these questions have analysed your attitude to the pursuit of happiness and what it really comprises. It is a quiz ignoring current phases of good or bad luck, which should not affect your basic potential to feel happy. Score as follows:

1 (a) 0. (b) 5. (c) 5. (d) 5. (e) 10
2 ... ... (a) 0. (b) 10
3 ... ... (a) 0. (b) 5. (c) 10
4 ... (a) 5. (b) 10. (c) 0. (d) 5
5 ... (a) 5. (b) 5. (c) 10. (d) 0
6 ... (a) 10. (b) 0. (c) 0. (d) 5
7 ... ... (a) 0. (b) 10. (c) 5
8 ... ... (a) 5. (b) 10. (c) 0
9 ... ... (a) 0. (b) 10. (c) 5
10 (a) 0. (b) 5. (c) 5. (d) 5. (e) 10

A score of 95 or 100 suggests you may be living in a fool's paradise, determined to be happy despite the obligations of life which bring setback and sorrow to contrast with life's joys. A happy and responsible person will score between 80 and 90. With 65-75 you are happy when it's easy to be, but despair too readily. 55-60: you are letting life get you down too often. 50 or below: cheer up; you aren't really such a miserable failure, you know!

"...after the first bottle my catarrh had gone..."

Writes Mrs.N.L.H. of Deptford Park, a sufferer from **SUMMER CATARRH** *for 28 years.*

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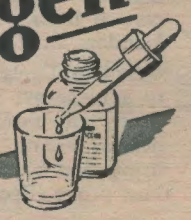

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WAY TO WIN

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

Little Old Britain	Purchase Tax
Raking In The Lolly	Lash Of The Whip
A Man's Way	Her Weakness
Big Bear Kruschev	The Bandits Swooped And
What To Expect	Some Kind Gentleman
Bang On	Shooting Skywards
Break In The Programme	Mum, The Prisoner
The Berlin Time-bomb	Getting Reckless
Shrinking	A Flying Start
Life In The Raw	Hero Of The Village

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

The.....Question	Judging By The.....
Borrowed A.....	Bags Of.....
They Call Him....., But	More Than.....Can Stand

EXAMPLE	1s. PER BULLET
BULLET	
EX.	
B.	
EX.	
B.	
EX.	
B.	
EX.	5th BULLET FREE
B.	WITH 4 PAID

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I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 1s. per Bullet or 4s. for complete coupon.

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BULLETS HELP STICK 8d. STAMP here for four pages of practical help to success in May 2 *Bulletin*! (For four issues send P.O. 1s.)

LATEST WINNERS

Bullets No. 2,183 Result:

£1,000 "Cruise-plus-Cash" Award, or £850 cash: S. McDowall, 48 Garvel Road, Glasgow:

With A Little Flexibility—And "Iron" Resolve—Peace?

£50 T. Barker, 6 Skardon Place, Plymouth: **Time For Blitz—On *Workshop* "Coventrys," Unions!**

£25 Mrs. O. O'Connor, 86 Thomas Terrace, Blaydon-on-Tyne: **That 11-plus Hurdle—Testing "Novices," "Trainers," "Owners"!**

£10 Miss D. E. Booker, 24 Moat Avenue, Green Lane, Coventry: **Friendless And Alone—A Lot—A Blot!**

£9 G. Finlinson, 15 Green Lane, Belle Vue, Carlisle: **Relic Of The Past—"Puffing Billy"—*Perspiring* John?**

£8 F. Green, 28 Otter Street, Derby: **With A Little Gulp—Watching Orphanage Swallow "Crocodile."**

£7 Mrs. E. E. Greenwood, 20 Wheats Avenue, Birmingham: **Poor Congregation—Yet Thousands *Buy* Tranquillizers!**

£6 H. Skelton, 148 Windsor Garth, Acomb, York: **Thrilling—When World *Without* "Suspense"!**

£5 D. E. Gutteridge, 1 Polmear Road, St. Austell: **Operation Spring-clean—"Deserter" Dad In "Glasshouse"!**

£4 Mrs. M. Oldfield, 10 Treorchy Street, Cathays, Cardiff: **With A Little Chore—Help Granny Feel Helpful!**

For ten winners of £8 see *Bullets Bulletin*. 2,300 other Awards have also been posted.

Expert comments on winning Bullets are in "Comp," out Mondays.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated May 16), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 2, for early news of No. 2,188 result.)

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Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "John Bull Illustrated" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise...

CAN the police or local authority do anything to stop people from keeping very noisy cockerels, or must the private citizen take action himself? And if he does, how does he go about it when he isn't certain from which garden the noise is coming?—A. L., Manor Park, London, E.12.

● It is unlikely that the police or local authority would have any power to act against the nuisance caused by noisy cockerels. If the offender keeps an unreasonable number of birds, bearing in mind the residential character of the district, you could apply to Court for an injunction to restrain him. A solicitor's letter threatening proceedings may prove effective.

ROOM AT THE TOP

TO add another "room" to one's house by flooring over the beams of the roof space would probably add to the rateable value of the house. Would the rates go up?—W. C., Holloway, London, N.7.

● It depends on whether the District Valuer thinks the work done would have increased the letting value of the house in 1939.

This would be so only if the attic were converted and increased the living accommodation of the house.

If you merely used it as a work or store room it is unlikely that the rateable value would be affected.

BATHROOM STRIP

WHAT is the best way of removing varnished paper from the walls of our bathroom? I intend to redecorate with stick-on plastic tiles, and understand that the walls must be stripped down to the plaster first.—T. R, Huddersfield.

● Score the paper thoroughly all over with an old saw blade, then soak with hot water.

Leave until the water has soaked well into the paper, then strip with a broad knife. Wash the wall down to remove the remains of the adhesive.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING

MY oil heater works perfectly except that it smokes and the ceiling above has become very dirty. What could be the cause of this?—Mrs. M. S., London, S.W.16.

● You may have an untrimmed wick in the heater, or else a draught is making the flame blow back.

COAT FROM KRAUTLAND

WHAT is the procedure for purchases from West Germany? I should like to obtain a motor-cycling coat.—N. W., Middlesbrough.

● You can order a coat from West Germany, but before doing so you must ensure your method of payment.

This can be arranged through a bank, or if the sum concerned is £10 or less, by post office money order.

The coat will be subject to import duty and purchase tax when it passes through Customs on entering the U.K.

HOW TO BE PARTNERS

A FRIEND has asked me to become a partner in his garage business. I would have to invest £2,000 and would work as sales manager. Should I take a fixed wage and draw my share of the year's profits? Would I be taxed on these profits if drawn, or if ploughed back into the firm?—C. G. McD., Cheltenham.

● The usual thing in a partnership is for each partner to be paid a salary according to his share in the work, and to allow a fair rate of interest on the capital of each partner, after which profits are shared between the partners on an agreed basis.

You are taxable on the profits even if they are ploughed back.

BUBBLE BATTLE

A NUMBER of "bubbles" have appeared on wallpaper I recently put up in our lounge. What is the best way of getting rid of them?—G. W. P., Cringleford, near Norwich.

● The only really satisfactory way of ridding yourself of the bubbles is by re-papering.

However, there is one laborious but fairly satisfactory method—by cutting a cross in each bubble.

Fold open the paper and insert more adhesive. This will take some time, but will probably solve your problem.

GROWING ORCHIDS

RECENTLY I was told in a local botanical garden that it took one year for an orchid seedling to mature, and seven years before there was sign of real growth. Can you tell if this is true—and where orchid seedlings are obtainable?—T. N. D., Kelvinbridge, Glasgow.

● There are many species of orchids and some will take seven years to flower.

Others, provided there is sufficient heat and humidity, will germinate in four to eight weeks and flower within about four years.

Seeds can be obtained from Thompson and Morgan, London Road, Ipswich, price 2s. 6d. a packet (postage 3d. extra).

HORNING IN

COWS have entered my garden and have eaten all my spring cabbages and broccoli, as well as doing a great deal of damage to flowers and bulbs. Can I claim damages from the farmer?—E C. E., Llanelly.

● You would have no legal remedy if the cattle strayed on to your land from the public highway.

If, however, they have strayed from an adjoining field, the farmer can be held liable for the damage, unless he can show that the cattle got on to your land through your neglect to keep your fence in proper repair.

SMOKED OUT

WHEN the fire in our lounge is first lit large volumes of smoke belch from the chimney into the room. However, once the fire is burning brightly the smoking ceases. What causes it?—S. H. S., Stockport, Cheshire.

● Your trouble is quite common and is caused by pockets of cold air in the chimney, which prevent hot air rising until the fire has heated up.

Apart from using an all-night burner, your best remedy is to light the fire with a good quantity of paper and wood to keep smoke to a minimum.

Stoke up with smokeless fuel and when burning brightly you can use ordinary coal.

SHOCKS FOR LADIES

COULD you let me have details of the electrical course for women—I'm not sure of its correct name?—Mrs. H. A., Canterbury, Kent.

● The Electrical Association for Women, at 23 Foubert's Place, London, W.1, runs two courses of lectures for women.

The shorter course is designed to assist housewives in their domestic duties and the other is training for work in the electrical industry.

BUMPY JOB

MY house has asphalt floors which are becoming indented under the weight of furniture. I want to lay a fitted carpet on one of these floors, but how can I remove the craters and bumps?—J. E. S., Wembley.

● The most effective way of smoothing off an asphalt floor is to have it literally melted. This is a highly specialized job, best left to experts.

A home cure is to chip off the "up" bits and fill the "down" bits with quick hardening putty.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

● **P.V.C.-backed carpet:** Irish sisal carpeting Tintawn, now has an additional P.V.C. backed boucle range, hard-wearing and attractive. Choose from eleven different colours and use with or without underfelt. This carpet may be vacuumed and shampooed in the usual way. From most leading stores, priced 25s. per square yard.

● **Fireguard fixing:** Overcome the difficulty of fixing a fireguard to a tiled fireplace without damage to the tiles, by using self-adhesive towel hooks. These are available from any ironmonger. (Mr. B. J. Robinson, Melton Mowbray.)

● **Home-made rubber bands:** Save your old bicycle, motor cycle or car inner tubes. Cut them up into useful rubber bands. (Wm. Thomas, Llanelly.)

● **Bed of roses:** An unusual bedspread with separate head strip which hangs over the pillows, is now part of the Osman woven range. The black background may be had with a pattern of red, white or yellow roses with green leaves, or pink roses with blue leaves. Price about £10 plus about 3½ gns. for the head strip for the single-bed size, or £12 plus 4 gns. for the double-bed size. By Barlow & Jones, Ltd., Manchester House, 86 Princes Street, Manchester.

● **New designs:** Fifteen new colours have been added to the Contact self-adhesive plastic film range including two nursery-character printed ones. These come in 18-in. widths and sell at 3s. 9d. per yard. By Storeys of Lancaster and available from most stores.

● **Polish powder puffs:** Don't discard those old powder puffs. Washed and dried, they may be kept for applying polish. This method saves polish and dusters. (Mrs. D. Housley, Nr. Sheffield.)

Roses decorate this new woven Osman bedspread

● **Matching switch-plate:** Buy a 6-in. plastic tile to match your newly decorated walls. Cut out the centre and fit it neatly over the electric light switch. A wipe with a damp cloth will get rid of fingerprints. The tile will save the wall round the switch from being marked. (Mrs. D. Smith, Norwich.)

● **Finding those nails:** Keep a small magnet handy when carrying out carpentry or upholstery repairs. Tiny nails, tacks and pins may be easily collected by attracting them with the magnet instead of having to search diligently for them. Saves time and temper. A magnet of this sort can be purchased for a very small sum at a toyshop or hardware shop. (Mr. M. R. Hills, Camberley.)

* * *

If you have a trouble-saving, money-saving household tip for this column, send it in to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each tip published.